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Space City!

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**Special
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Issue**



Surviving in the city!

Survival Supplement - Section 2

LETTERS



1217 Wichita
Houston 77004
526-6257

"Whew!"

says Mr. X

The following letter was written in response to two letters printed in issue No. 21 of Space City! We think it's a significant response, and we hope this kind of dialogue will continue in the pages of Space City! Write on!

Dear Space City:

White college kids do not form one homogeneous culture: they separate themselves into seven distinct camps, depending upon the extent to which their souls have been damaged, the nature of that damage, and the extent to which they have reclaimed themselves — by damage I mean that attempted freezing and extinguishing of the soul practiced on us by the school systems, parents, by American capitalism, American culture. . . so few come through intact, I want to run a quick survey of these seven camps, right now, and investigate their meaning: like tea leaves, they give us a small hint of the future.

At the farthest right you have the obedience-freaks; they wear short hair, snicker at dirty jokes, generally attend A&M or State Teachers; in general they are everything that their elders want them to be. On the larger campuses they become a bit more boisterous, and often join the fraternities and sor-

orities: they major in engineering, business administration, pharmacy, or home ec. Spiro's darlings.

Next we find the boys who wear moderately long hair and always are on top of the latest fashions, plus the girls, who, just last year, began to wear their hair straight: these kids are the well-trained producers and consumers of the next generation. They drink beer, smoke a little grass, buy Playboy, join fraternities, drive Mustangs, major in BA, and are incapable of holding an honest conversation. These, too, are good kids in the eyes of Spiro: they defend banks.

Next we move into the real Pepsi generation. Not noxious enough to go Greek, but so used to the idea that they have no real power over their own lives, no chance whatsoever against the system, that they've sunk into apathy; they'll often tell you that point-blank — that they're apathetic. Perhaps they have vaguely heard of Huey Newton, or know that General Motors is in Detroit, but they really don't care. They've relinquished a certain vital hold over their own destiny. At about 18 or 19 they demonstrate this tremendous life-hunger; by 21, apathy sets in. Get a job, make it, get by.

Now we get to the real watershed group, the kids who sit atop the divide. They're a real mystery to me. I understand everybody but them. The girls have innocent faces; the boys look moderately freaky. They all look like they're from the upper-middle class. They throw frisbees around in the park on Sunday afternoons. They expect to get

straight jobs; politics turns them off. Maybe they flash the V sign around a little; if they turn out for a demonstration or a march, half of them will sing that chickenshit "All we are sa-a-a-aying . . . is give peace a chance." These are the kids whose main passion, if it can be called that, is Save The Trees rallies. And when (predictably) the trees are bulldozed, the kids just crack up. "Oh. . . I can't believe it. . . our cause is so just —" Sobs. They want to be loyal, but they're not too happy with some of the shit they have to swallow, so they try not to think about it.

My theory is this: they're the children of the upper-middle class, they've been treated nice all their lives, but too much emotion was drained out of their parents in the climb to the upper-middle (remember, there are whole upper-m.c. suburban communities of people like this); they see (secretly) that their privilege is built upon the impoverishment of a dozen others, but the task of revoking their soul is too large for them, so they do not go back, they simply shut their eyes and go forward; but the materialistic dream of success is now balanced in their chests by a dream of fulfillment — it is their hard fortune that the existential laws demand they go backwards, and revoke their privilege, before they move on to fulfillment. They are too soft to go backwards so they move on, slightly troubled, loyal, deliberately blind; it is inevitable that in time they will develop a passion for escape.

Whew! That's more space than they deserved. Next we cross the watershed and find ourselves on the downhill slide. The first four groups were characterized by an essential loyalty to the system, ranging from an obnoxious loyalty on the part of the short-haired Greeks to a helpless loyalty among the apathetics to a troubled loyalty among the frisbee people, a loyalty which can be maintained only by an emotional suspension. Now we cross the divide and find — horrors — rampant disloyalty. We find an affinity for revolution.

Cont. on 19

"Cathex,"

says Spirew

Dear Sap City:

The dastardly authoress (I should point out that she's only a woman) of your recent article on woman's need to share her housework with the husband (let her name be unmentioned here), is one of the clearest and most extraordinary illustrations I have seen, in all my professional life, of a combination Electra complex and anal fixation.

Why do you think I hate women so? It's all perfectly as logical as beans in a pod. The female gender, through an incomplete transference of oral and anal tendencies to their sadly missing genitals, tend to narcissize and thus extend (abominably, I think) their anality not only to their chores but — in this sad patient — to the threatened but so adorable lives of their husbands.

My father was a beautiful man, and he used to tell me, "Siggie" (or was it my mother who called me that?) "what this country needs is a good five cent cigar." Now, it's easy to see that there were no deep motivations in that statement. But I do believe that there was a subconscious, or more precisely, preconscious, cathex involved. His libido was simply express-

ing, in its sublimated way, my father's Jungian drive to return the labor force to its God-intended place as woman's work — which would mean, naturally, smaller salaries and bigger cigars.

To tell the truth, I loved Mother more than Daddy, but Daddy was always prodding me with his long finger, while Mother always protected me in her warm bosom, and suckled me till the age of twelve. Yet, having achieved my degree, I am cleared of any hostility toward either of them, in a sort of godlike fifty-dollar-an-hour poise. If the bitches would keep their place, we men would be free to pursue fruition without their silly effeminate demands, and be conjoined in lovely thought.

Yours,

Sigmund Spirew, MD
Houston

"Shitty,"

says Houston

Dear Space City,

Is there any way ya'll could help organize a smoke-in for the Houston area? This is the only way we can get the idea across to the pigs that weed will be legalized no matter what. I'm tired of merely rapping about this with friends and doing nothing about it. There are enough people in Hous-

"DIRT,"

says Pete

Dear Space City!:

I agree entirely with Pat Mainardi's article about housework being shitty, and how husbands should share the chores.

That is, if you dig cleanliness enough to do the chores.

Me, I'm liberated. I think dirt is groovy. I remember years ago having heard how a then unknown group called the Beatles was, according to this guy who had helped set up the mikes, "unclean." Right then, I knew I had found some winners! And just look: haven't the Beatles made it big?

ton who feel the same as I, concerning this, to make it a tremendous success. All we need is a little organization.

We have two choices, we can sit around while all our friends, and even us, are busted, or we can do something now to straighten out this shitty situation. If we do nothing, we will surely suffer, but if we get together, they can't bust all of us at once!

If you can't print this letter, at least think about what I've said, but don't think too long, there are good heads rotting away in jail. . . .

Peace & Love
Houston

I claim it's partly because they don't care about being lilywhite. Goodness will prevail!

So my message to Pat is to be cool and learn to love dirt and garbage and unmade beds, and then she won't be uptight anymore.

Further, I propose a new revolutionary slogan, the recitation of which will bring men and women back together in hippie bliss. This slogan is: "DIRT POWER! ! !"

Let it all hang out! Give the building inspector some grass when he visits you, and then when he's real turned on, make him put out the garbage!

Pat is really hung up, as I suspect you are too, dear readers. Get with it and start wallowing in the filth, and get back to the archetypes. Outa sight on the crud express. A reunified world! What do you think this ecology craze is all about if not about good, black, sexy DIRT? You cats are really too square!

Pete Cerdito

P.S: Even the PIGS are beautiful when you dig garbage!

"Even the PIGS?" queries

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Photo by Trec

Baton Rouge: Bad Trip

by Trec

Most all of us had something to rip off by the time we hit the campground. The burn started early.

Arrived around midnight on Friday, after locals gave us wrong directions on how to make it there. At campsite some dudes with red vests aimed us four or five miles down the road to parking facilities. The burn there was four bills, and we were loaded into rented flatbed trucks with all our gear on our backs.

Paranoia sets in instantly. The locals, warned by redneck radio and fuzz, barricaded driveways and posted armed guards in every side road, nook and mudhole.

Pigs shine flashlights in your eyes from ears alongside the road. Red lights are everywhere and everyone feels much like a Jew in Hitler Germany.

At the gate we hand over \$10 and \$15 tickets and get tagged (a metal clipped string bracelet and ink stamp on the hand).

Inside, we wander as far as we can and then set up a tent in an easy spot. The night smells good and brothers are everywhere. After we did some smoke, we forgot paranoia and the whole bit. Went to sleep happy.

Up almost at dawn Saturday, ready to score some acid or whatever (really wanted some smoke, but a dude on the way in was hit for several pounds by the local fuzz. We all felt for him . . . if only he'd made it inside.)

Saturday was a gas and one of the girls found ten (10!) tabs of red, white & blue peace acid in a Porta-can. We swam, grooved, smoked and then cranked out some peaceful koolade and made it to the camp ground area by the stage. Laid out, got everyone buzzed, and tripped ourselves.

Out on a wander I all but tripped over a bust, and with nothing in my head hut hate, ripped off a slew of pictures of it all. Some other cat was making pix also, and then the heat saw us. I hauled ass and found out later the narcs got him and his camera (mostly his film).

Everyone is uptight and the stage tells us to cool it. We do, and keep trippin'.

Meanwhile, Pig City is set up in a field next to our tent. They take down a fence and cut holes through shrubbery for easy access.

On a recon mission I fire off pix of their new encampment. Good shots of private mess halls, harracks and stables. Checked out their generator truck and heliport (all from telephoto distance!).

Saturday night we sleep with pigs 30 feet away. Also Saturday night, three (count 'em) narcs are hindered in a bust and radio out for help. They get hurt. Pigs come on in full riot gear and dare people to give them shit. Many people are gone by now and we are very uptight.

Sunday morn we count losses at 16 people, but by noon the count is 47 and we all sweat a bit.

Locals were hired as narcs and were being spotted right and left. I mean, with painted-on beards, wigs and obvious headbands. The narc in on hust no. 1 Saturday is back in a new costume and changes outfits as fast as we spot him. A brother is arrested for spreading the word 'bout this particular narc.

Sunday night was a trip up till about midnight when we realized the forces of darkness were massing against us. Eighteen narcs departed the gate shortly thereafter. We rapped over what to do for ten minutes, then all hell broke loose.

From about 40 feet down the road (our road) a girl screams and a gun fires. She keeps screaming, "Billy! Billy! Billy!" while the narcs drag her to the Pig City gate. Three dudes carried Billy into Pig City. Now I can't say he was shot. But a gun went off and Billy was carried out and put in a Pig ambulance. Besides him and the girl, four others were dragged in on that deal. That particular brother had in his possession (or somewhere near him) what the pigs radioed out to be some gross cigarettes.

We tried to get in the way of the bust, but pigs with machine guns (No shit!) blocked our way. The girls were absolutely unraveled and only barely holding

A station wagon, local pigs and big dogs roars through the gate and into our midst. They stand in the road five or six feet from our tent. We down a handful of Black Mollies and get our sticks ready.

From over the fence the girl who was screaming "Billy" now yells "Rape!" and part of something else. The girls are crying. Red lights are everywhere behind the Pig City hedge and we can hear all sorts of motors running.

The stage won't announce anything. Afraid of paranoia, they keep quiet. Brothers and sisters are ripped off right and left.

Four hours till dawn. We hold on and with no sleep watch the night crawl by.

Earlier it had looked like it might rain. Now it was, and everyone talked about God. At dawn we quietly packed up and split the scene.

Flash :

Bad Trip Gets Worse

As we were in the thick of layout, Brian Grant rushed in straight from Baton Rouge with the following additional information. He's returning immediately to help bail out sisters and brothers still in jail, and urges that other people help by contributing to a bail and lawyers fund. Checks may be written to SPACE CITY! Baton Rouge Fund. Mail to 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004.

The repression coming down at the Festival of Man and Earth is out of the ordinary even for the dreaded Livingston Parish. An army of pigs, largely deputized Klansmen, have been robbing, beating, and busting not only those they catch with dope, but people at random. A large force, armed with shotguns, dogs, and even machine guns, would typically invade the Festival grounds from their nearby encampment, seizing anyone they come across.

Preposterous and frequently contradictory charges are filed, then the pigs drag their haul away to the filthiest sty imaginable, where people are being tortured, starved, deprived of medical attention (one dude has been semi-conscious with a badly broken leg since Saturday with no doctor) and deprived of the right to make a phone call or see a lawyer. Friends outside are refused information; some prisoners are being hidden when the lawyers go to the jail; and even State Senator Stewart, who wrote a bill to try to stop the festival, is now working to help the innocent obtain more humane treatment.

Meanwhile, the pigs are stealing money, personal possessions, and vehicles. Our van was "confiscated" permanently, with all its contents. The sheriff in Baton Rouge told one prisoner who was kept there after both the Livingston and the Ryan Airport jails overflowed that the Livingston pigs were boasting of 242 busts as of Sunday noon, halfway through the festival. (Festival promoters have knowledge of only 82 arrests, of which 60 were still in jail Wednesday morning.) Bail is usually about \$2,500, but prisoners who tried to defend themselves or otherwise got singled out are priced as high as \$17,000 or more. Poor bondsmen are in no hurry to put up a dime, and many victims have no one outside who cares to help.

The people mentioned in this issue's earlier story ("Baton Rouge: Bad Trip") are out, thanks to parents. They were *clean* and making a peace symbol in the sand when roughly ten pigs approached with guns in hand. Bill, who was camped with our party, asked to see some identification. He was pistol-whipped, fell to the ground. Dazed, he heard one pig say, "I'm gonna finish this one right now." He was able to roll to one side as the man's gun went off, blowing a crater in the ground beside his head. Cindy began to scream, and some freaks from nearby ran up to help. They too were seized, charged with numerous crimes, beaten and taken in. One cat — whose friend was able to break away and escape — was tortured for his friend's name for four hours, and is still being held at \$13,000 bail.

This is the Louisiana area where Fonda and Hopper shot the murder sequence from *Easy Rider*. It is not difficult to understand why.

— Brian Grant



DOCTORS WALK OUT...

SPIRO COMES TO TOWN

Vice President Spiro T. Agnew received a cool welcome May 24 from some delegates to the International Cancer Congress, as he addressed the opening ceremony at the Sam Houston Coliseum.

The reception from other delegates was downright hostile. According to one, a young French woman serving her residency in a Paris hospital, some 100 delegates chanting "Peace Now!" marched out of the meeting en masse as soon as Agnew was introduced. They were greeted outside by nearly 100 demonstrators, also chanting "Peace Now," with posters bearing such messages as "Agnew is our primary malignancy."

The Tenth Annual International Cancer Congress convened here May 24-29. Delegates came from all over the United States and the world.

The French doctor (anonymous by request) told Space City! that the American delegates she talked with — mainly the researchers who work in colleges and universities — saw Ag-

new's presence at the Congress as an insult.

Agnew's speaking engagement kept at least one prominent viral researcher — Renato Dulbecco of the Salk Institute of California — from attending the Congress. Others refrained from attending the opening session.

Agnew's speech, according to observers, contained the rhetoric of world peace and world health. He also reiterated the United States' renunciation of biological warfare.

The French doctor, however, noted that Agnew ignored the issue of chemical warfare. She cited statistical research revealing that at least one type of defoliant (plant and crop killer) still used in Vietnam causes deaths in 80% of mice tested. Other defoliants have been shown to cause serious genetic malformations in mice. A study conducted by the American Cancer Society on the malformation effects of one type of defoliant has led the present administration to forbid its use in Vietnam. But many

other kinds of deadly chemical weapons are still being used by the U.S. Army.

The doctor, however, was unsuccessful in persuading American delegates to introduce a resolution to the Cancer Congress calling for the withdrawal of all chemical warfare from Vietnam and the world.

The demonstration outside the coliseum was far from militant. Perhaps the most significant aspect was that demonstrators spent some valuable time rapping with American and foreign delegates to the Cancer Congress.

Agnew's arrival in Houston two days earlier was hailed by a larger and angrier crowd outside the Shamrock Hilton Hotel, where a \$500-a-plate Republican dinner was underway inside.

While some 400 people marched and chanted "Peace Now!" and "One, two, three, four, we don't want your fucking war!" Agnew was blasting demonstrators and the "liberal press" in his speech to Republican richies.

People marched for a while along the sidewalk surrounding the Shamrock parking lot and then crowded up against the police lines near the entrance to the hotel.

It was a diverse crowd — older straight-looking people, assorted freaks (including a large number of high school students) and little children.

Kids loosely identifying with the Youth International Party, or Yippie, came in costumes and tried to start chants like "Where's Oswald, now that we need him?" and "Get our dick out of Vietnam!"

(Agnew, incidentally, had been safely ensconced in the hotel for hours and the place was swarming with Secret Service men and other pigs.)

Rice University folks (the Yippie in them emerges occasionally) came dressed in long black robes and stark with painted faces — the Grim Reaper. A Bellaire high school kid drew attention with his gorilla mask and a sign saying, "Hi, I'm Spiro Agnew."

But everyone was upstaged by an old gentleman in American Legion garb and a woman in 1950s evening dress who paraded (for whose viewing, no one knew) right near the hotel door, behind police lines, waving a little American flag. This display drew great hoots and laughter from the protesters.

Well, the demonstrators looked fine and even made a good deal of noise, but the protest was largely uneventful. The ever-present Houston Peace Coalition marshals kept trying to persuade the crowd to leave the police lines and march along the sidewalk. About 200 repeatedly refused to march and stuck close to the hotel, hoping perhaps, as some of us were, that something would happen, so we could really show how we felt about Spiro and the war in Southeast Asia.

But nothing broke, nothing happened and people finally went home, some perhaps consoled by the thought that at least Spiro didn't get to come to Houston in total peace and tranquility.



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Photo by DeWitt Standard

Supreme Court Digs Danny's Duds

by Judy Weiser

After being fined and spending over a month in jail for an arrest in 1967, Danny Schacht was notified by the U. S. Supreme Court recently that he hadn't committed a crime after all. Seems the Court feels the law he was arrested for breaking, that of illegally wearing parts of a military uniform, is a violation of the right to freedom of speech.

Danny took part in a guerilla theater skit that was part of an anti-draft rally. He and Jarrett Smith were arrested a few days after the rally and convicted by U.S. District Judge James Noel. Smith was given three years probation while Schacht, because of his political leanings, was given six months and \$250. (The FBI had been following him and his family for some time and had reports ready to give the judge.)

Schacht was placed in the Harris County Rehabilitation Unit to await trial. "If you got a mattress at all, it was soured. There was a combination sink and toilet, and all your meals were shoved at you from under a grate

in the door. It was horribly overcrowded — there were around ten guys in a cell half the size of a cattle-car. They treated us like scum." He spent the time in boredom — watching television (religion shows only on Wednesdays), rapping and just sitting. Until men are convicted they cannot be given work or exercise programs. Some men stay there 90 days at a time just waiting for their trials.

After conviction, Schacht's lawyer failed to file an appeal in time and generally lost interest altogether. Schacht was sent to Seagoville, Texas for Federal imprisonment. Seagoville was somewhat better than the county jail (where the cops were like self-sacrificing Klansmen). At least there he could talk to visitors instead of shouting through a small hole in the wall. There he had "no bars, no guns, no goading cops." There were around 400 there, most of whom had no money to pay legal fees even if they had an appeals chance to justice and freedom.

In September, 1969, David Berg and Stuart Nelkin, new attorneys hired by Schacht and his family, managed to get him released as a result of a decision from circuit court that there were

merits to the case, and that a petition should be filed despite the time lapse. The Supreme Court agreed last December to hear the case, which they finally did toward the end of April this year. (Schacht and his people were in the visitor's gallery when the case was heard.) About seven weeks later he received word that the conviction had been overturned (his first lazy lawyer having missed his big chance to score with the Supreme Court. . .).

Berg, who is the youngest lawyer ever to take a case before the Supreme Court, was elated with the decision. He is now trying to file to get some of the money spent on the trial returned and is also petitioning to have Smith released from probation since his sentence is now illegal.

The whole case cost Schacht and his people close to \$6,000 and a lot of personal harassment free of charge. Schacht commented on the sad plight of those unable to raise the bread to maintain the kind of court fight it takes to win one's rights — "I've seen the high cost of legal procedure in the U.S.; it costs too much to speak out, so don't tell them what you're doing — just do it!"



Youthful Schacht in Battle Array

MAYO Opens Community Center

by Gloria Rubac and Alex Rodriguez

The Northside Peoples Center, 1501 Brooks, was started May 18 by the Mexican American Youth Organization. The building will serve as a community center for the people living on the northside of Houston.

MAYO leased the building after receiving confirmation of funds to operate the center for a year.

A community board is being established and this board will decide to what use the center will be put. MAYO is only making the center available and the community will have the power to decide what their needs are and what they will do to help themselves.

Some ideas were discussed at the first community board meeting on May 25. A breakfast program, Chicano and black cultural classes, Boy Scouts, cooking for learning and for fund raising, family counseling and children's

programs were brought up.

The center will also be used to organize the people to do something about garbage service, the lack of a public swimming pool and other municipal services that are not up to par in the neighborhood.

MAYO stresses that the Northside People's Center must also be an information center. People will be able to come to the center and get information on welfare, jobs, education, scholarships, and anything that can help them.

Present at the first community meeting were representatives from the funding organization, a family counseling representative, a Boy Scout master, 15 people from the community and the MAYO's.

Many things need to be done before the center can begin total operation. People who want to help can contribute the following: paint, sheet-rock, nails, hammers, dishes, cooking

utensils, chairs, desks, tables, light bulbs, lamps, extension cords, inside and outside trash cans, soap and clean-

ing detergents, mops, brooms, paint brushes, turpentine and dish rags and towels.

Leaders Served Peace Bonds

MAYO spokeswoman Yolanda Birdwell, her husband Walter Birdwell, and Chicano leader Raul Gutierrez had \$2,500 peace bonds served on them recently. Bond was originally set at \$10,000, and Yolanda spent nearly 30 hours in jail before bond was lowered and met.

(A peace bond is a form of injunction: you post bond as a guarantee that you will not commit some proscribed act.)

The peace bond came as the result of incidents at a Day Care Center run by the Harris County Community Action Association (HCCAA). Mrs. Marion Monroe, an anglo woman who until recently worked at the center, was accused of being rough in her treatment of a Chicano child. She was suspended by HCCAA as a result of the incident.

At a HCCAA meeting May 4, Yolanda Birdwell supposedly threatened Mrs. Monroce, saying that MAYO would keep her from getting a job anywhere in Houston. Yolanda denies making any threats, but says she only demanded that the woman be fired.

Mrs. Monroe claims that since the HCCAA meeting she has received threatening phone calls, which she believes are coming from Yolanda and Walter. The MAYO's emphatically deny any knowledge of these calls.

The charges were filed Tuesday, May 26, and Yolanda was arrested at 11:00 a.m. the next morning. She was released at 5:00 p.m. May 28. Walter turned himself in at noon, May 28, and was released at 4 p.m. Gutierrez was out of town and his lawyer arranged for him to post bond upon his return.

There are peculiarities, which will be brought out at the trial, set for June 11. The original bond of \$10,000 was clearly exorbitant, especially considering the flimsy evidence and apparent lack of any real investigation prior to the posting of the peace bond. Yolanda was handled by the Homicide Division and, she reports, the police bulletin had her down for "attempted homicide."

Yolanda told Space City: "You know how much MAYO has been doing against the Houston establishment. Well, they didn't have anything else to get us on, so they did this. They had me in there to get my picture and fingerprints."

Walter added, "They arrest people to scare us, hoping it will stop our activities. But they're wrong — it just brings us together. Groups that haven't even been working together because of political differences come together to support each other."

The trial will be held June 11 at 10 a.m. in Judge Thompson's court in Pasadena. MAYO asks all friends and supporters to come to the trial to express solidarity with Yolanda, Walter and Raul.

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Law'n Order at Rice U.

It seems that Dean Fred Wierum, right-wing student Jim Drouihlet and other law'n' order folks are getting *their* thing together over at Rice University. People are getting busted all over.

Karolyn Kendrick, Don Rosenberg and Dianne Weaver were brought before the Intercollege Court for painting slogans on the walls of Allen Center during the recent occupation of that building. Evidently, the court couldn't prove that the three actually did anything; so they found them guilty of being members of a group which had a "community of intent" to paint some slogans, and fined them some money. As a result of being convicted of having this state of mind, Dean Wierum (always anxious to get rid of a non-passive student) suspended the three for a year.

Those student Intercollege Court justices must have taken lessons from Julius Hoffman. One of the court members (Butch Ingalls, chief justice of Weiss College) admitted to Karolyn that he was prejudiced against the case. When this issue was raised to Wierum, the good dean decided to let Ingalls judge his own objectivity in the matter; of course, Ingalls judged himself objective enough to try the case. Ingalls was reported as saying that "order is more important than justice" and that "some people say I run my college like a dictator, but at least it's orderly." Karolyn wasn't allowed by the court to give this testimony regarding Ingalls' objectivity.

Criminal charges of malicious mischief have been brought against Karolyn Kendrick for allegedly breaking 12 windows and some light fixtures in the Rice Army ROTC building last month.

Karolyn was recently tried and found guilty of the same charges in a Rice student court (Brown College). Signing the complaint against Karolyn were Larry Fluornoy (law'n' order student of the campus security force). Student Association president Bob Parks (who testified in the Brown College Court that he hadn't seen anything) and Captain Potter of Rice Navy ROTC.

In another recent incident, Rice folks

Bill Case, Carlisle Holland and Glenn Van Slyke were busted. The charges arose over an incident in the Baker College dining hall where the three were exchanging baiting and unpleasentries with right-wing student Jim Drouihlet.

Drouihlet got hot because he believed Case, Holland and Van Slyke to be profaning the sacred American flag, so he called the campus cops, who couldn't do anything. Then he called Dean Wierum, who suggested the col-

lege courts; but the college courts threw the case out. But Drouihlet finally found some help at the district attorney's office, where they uncovered a state law (Texas Penal Code no. 152) written in 1917 and never before used.

This law makes it illegal to desecrate, profane, etc., the American flag or any imitation thereof, by either word or deed. It's a felony and worth 2 to 25 years. The constitutionality of this law is very questionable.

Bellaire Graduation

Parents Uptight

by Mark Graham

Commencement exercises at Bellaire High School, as reported not entirely objectively by a participant . . .

Naturally, all of us were looking forward to graduation — some with more devious intentions than others. Despite the numerous rumors of pigs, snakes and mice, no such creatures revealed themselves. But the events of graduation itself more than revealed the state of dissatisfaction among Bellaire students.

Earlier that afternoon, a "rehearsal" was held in Bellaire's auditorium. We had assumed, of course, that we would rehearse for graduation. However, only three or four minutes were allocated to explaining graduation procedure. For the remaining 20 minutes, we were "briefed" on what to wear and what not to do — and, of course, on the consequences of disobeying these commands. Principal Harlan Andrews was soundly cheered upon stating that his

speech would not be very time consuming.

So much for the "rehearsal."

Commencement began as expected: a big hassle, boring, parading down the aisle, etc. Andrews spoke. The senior class president spoke. There were a few sporadic horn blasts upon the introduction of the administrative staff, but aside from that no disruption.

Guest speaker, Dr. James P. Clements was then introduced. Clements is a UH communications prof and a former Episcopal Bishop. The first part of his speech was very informal (jokes, etc.) and at times boring. Then he moved to the main points of his talk. It was directed at us, and hit at Pres. Nixon, Agnew, and the unconcerned "silent majority."

About two-thirds of the way through his speech, the fireworks began. An irate parent (American flag on his collar) marched up to the podium and stated: "You have no right

to express your political views at this graduation."

Many seniors immediately rose and, in so many words, told the guy to sit down and shut up. This touched off the commotion. Dozens of parents booed and hissed, and many left. Several even reached the verge of hysteria. One lady was seen hitting a man with her purse. Cries of "Why don't you go home" and many others were heard.

We sat mostly stunned. Dr. Clements touched on California Governor Reagan's statement concerning campus unrest ("If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with.")! A parent immediately inserted, "He was right!"

The tension was especially seen in the faces of Harlan Andrews and company. Toward the end of the speech, Andrews requested that Clements cut it short. Dr. Clements ended by encouraging us "to continue to be or become angry young men and women" in resisting man-made evil.

The overall reaction from the parents was, "He had no right . . . blah, blah, blah...."

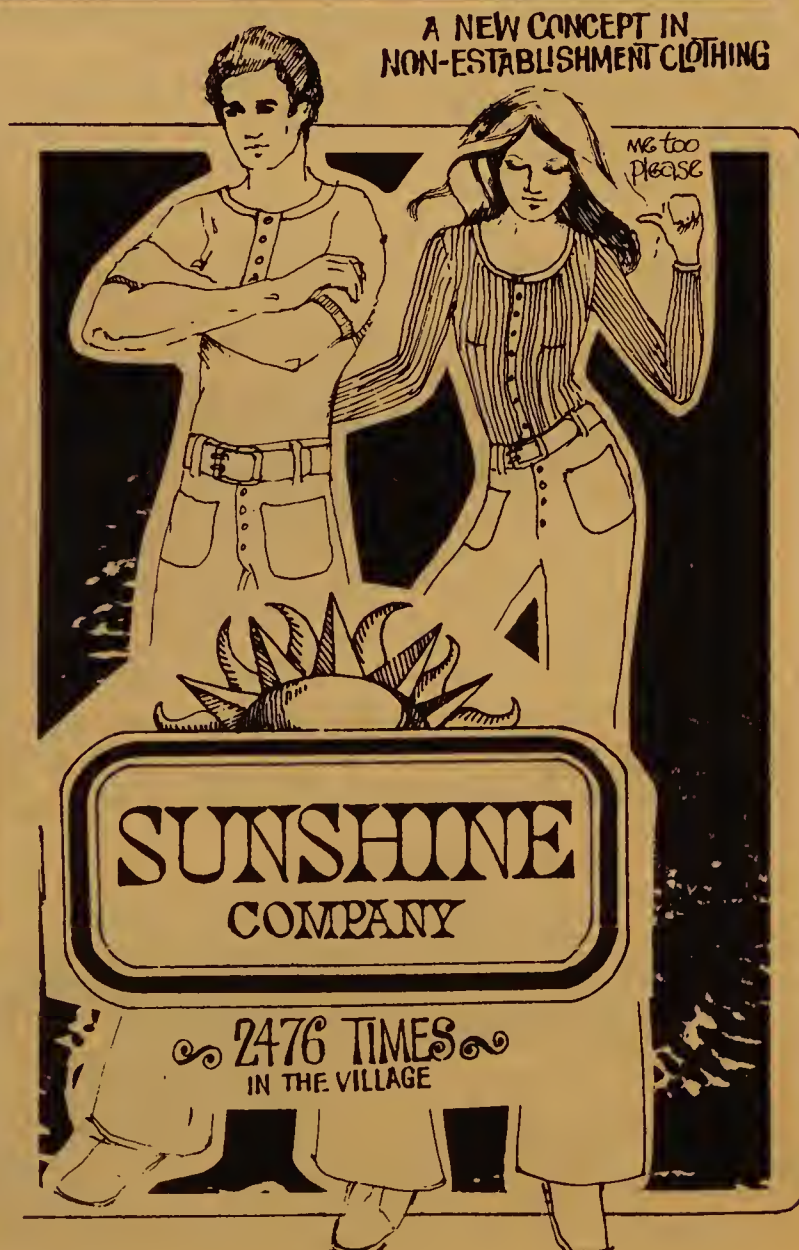
Their sons and daughters apparently disagreed. With the exception of only a few persons, the graduating class of over 1,000 answered Dr. Clements with a standing ovation.

pacifica
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WE'RE BACK

A NEW CONCEPT IN
NON-ESTABLISHMENT CLOTHING



Me too please

SUNSHINE
COMPANY

2476 TIMES
IN THE VILLAGE

ALL RIGHT I SAY

I sympathize
I know your houses
were rat stables
unpainted bare
But don't let it be my
worked for suburban home
consumed in smoke
from your bottle of hate

All Right, I say
I empathize
I know you were castrated
from your manhood
like black oxen with doing the
masters' bidding and you are domestics & garbage men & street diggers
But don't let it be my
husband
who isn't hired
because the company
quota must be met
by one of you . . . I have three children

All right I say
I have feeling
I know you were
bought and sold
like pigs and your women were not your women
and the children were sold for profit
But don't please don't
let my gentle husband catch
the bystander's bullet
or be the one whose car
is aflame
simply because he's white . . . they need a father

All right I say
I know your curly haired
wide-eyed children
have been nourished
with omitting half truths of history
and given only squalor schools
crowded yes'm teachers
But please don't
close the doors of our school
with your singing body walls
because you aren't allowed there . . . they need their education

all right I say
I know your problems
You were not allowed
around the white virgins
and our men used to monthly trip to your
shanty towns
to share the secret parts
of your lovely bronze women
But don't if my daughter
falls in love with you
turn her aside for your own kind . . . she's a sensitive girl
you might break her heart

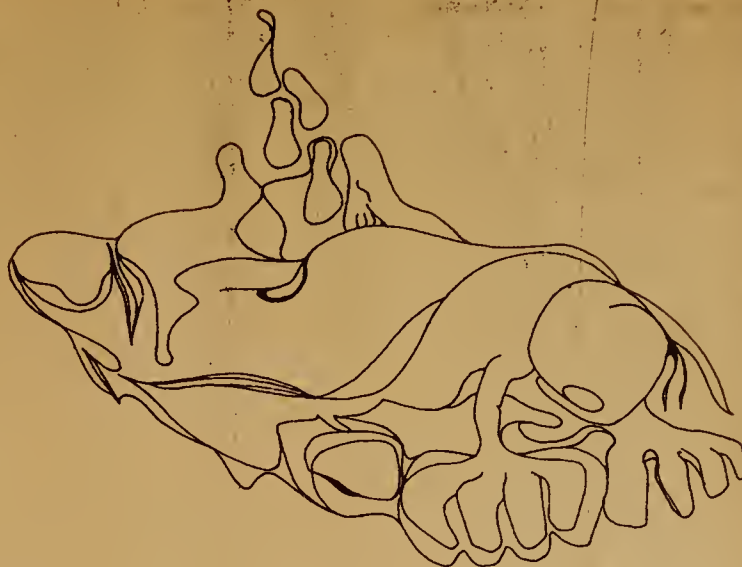
but don't if she walks down
your street at night
pull her roughly to the wall
and clasp her virginity
rip it from its place

all right i say
I know the loneliness disgrace
pushed on you in the backs of buses and playgrounds'
slides and swings
but don't please
don't tell your son that
he can't play with my
laughing little boy
because his nose is
pointed and his eyes blue

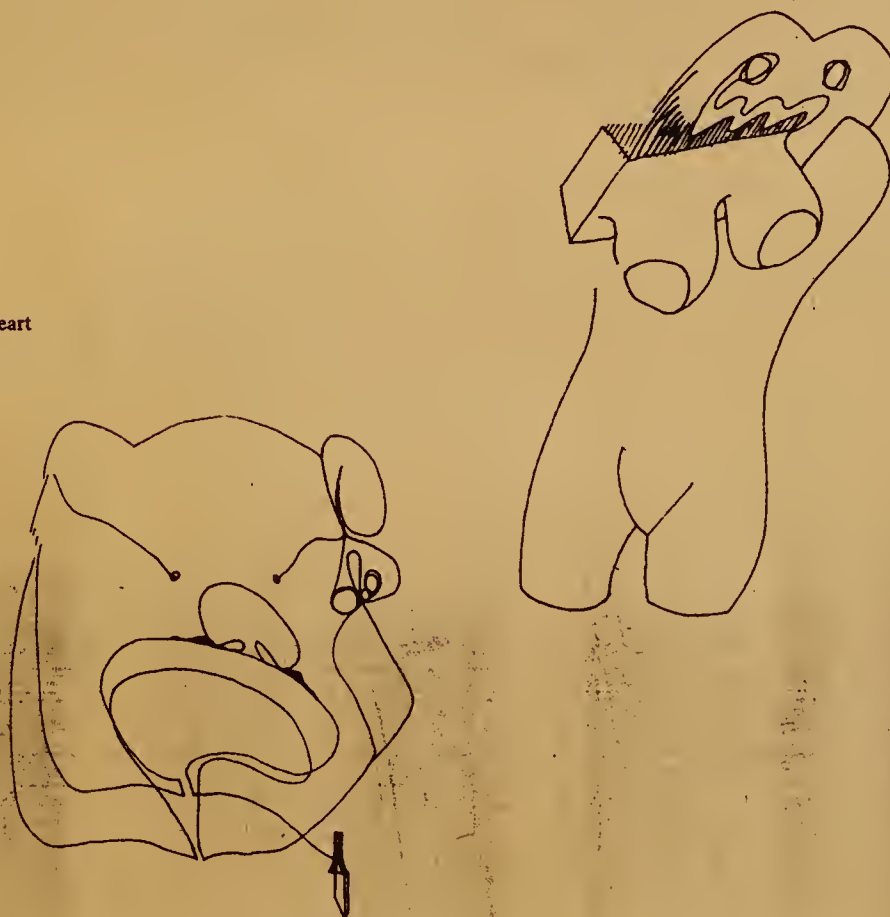
and as i chanted
my hypocrisy to a
mythical god hidden
somewhere in the rain washed
fire scarred ghetto
the metamorphosis began
and I became another me
sitting on Houston's
Wheeler street
watching
with my fat brown baby
suckling at my milk heavy teat
the white skinned collegiates
whizzing in their reflecting metal
to their learning
and their dreams
and I dreamless . . .

All Right I Say
I Understand.

Laura



I A woman is calling her daughter
to come into the house; it is raining outside
the streets are slick with filmy water. The day burst
like a balloon, a string from the sky
fell coiled and raveled.
Her song is the song of chore;
she has no respect there but knows what to do,
doing it continually from the dawn of her rising children
and waking husband. Her moments are few,
on the small back porch by the drying clothes and the stair,
with her neighbor, they talk and see nowhere, nowhere,
and it is sad they must talk
as white women must, of things that matter less;
yet for moments matter more than screaming children
they must punish to be good wives,
as their husbands leaving vaguely must provide.
In a limitless television dream she sits
and cries at times and is ashamed
for her husband screams and curses of his day gone
coming in like a large calloused hand
She cries and prays to a Catholic God and crosses herself.



II The dogs outside all bark when the moon comes out
or the sirens cry,
their breath is quick steam in winter;
dripping in early summer.
They have no sense save to stay clear of cars
and run like wind at certain signs
smelling the rain early and death suddenly.
They are true and obey in parlors,
yet jump to the glass at another hound outside
and would run, run and bay forever,
hunting and sleeping in packs.

"In discussing why the 10 million ton sugar harvest is behind schedule, Castro listed a whole series of reasons while omitting the most important one: absenteeism. The Cuban people have responded so unenthusiastically to the drive for 10 million tons that in many cases they have had to be forced into work camps to cut cane."

-- Voice of America, Miami, March 26, 1970

Real Bullshit. We are sitting together listening to the radio after work, and the Voice of America comes on and tells us what's happening. We've been so inundated with propaganda all our lives that it takes this kind of direct contradiction thrown in our face to force us to realize what's really going on.

We're here in Cuba cutting sugar cane --- some 700 Americans (including Afro-Americans and Puerto-Ricans) participating in the 10 million ton sugar cane harvest which represents a crucial stage in the Cuban Revolution. The market is assured; if Cuba can produce the 10 million tons, it can adjust its balance of payments and secure the necessary foreign exchange to import more heavy machinery and to develop itself out of the cycle of poverty common to most Latin American countries.

Ten million tons is two million more than has ever been produced. The whole country has been mobilized. Volunteer brigades from other socialist countries and from America have arrived to help. (Voice of America says we have been "recruited"; actually we asked to come.) Right down the road from our camp is another brigade, made up of Cuban tobacco workers who have quit work for six months in order to help cut cane. They are militant; they are proud to be Cubans.

The whole country cuts cane; 90% of the work force is volunteer, i.e. not professional. The old professional *machatero* has practically disappeared. Before the Cuban Revolution in 1958, he worked all day in the cane at low wages, glad to get a job for the three month harvest, to get a few pesos to carry him through the rest of the year, the *tiempo muerto* (dead period) when the whole Cuban economy stagnated at the whim of the American sugar interests. The professional cane-cutter has disappeared, and soon all cane-cutters will be gone, as the harvest is mechanized by huge combines.

But meanwhile the whole country cuts cane. The tractors and the sugar cane factories work all night. The whole country understands that the 10 million ton goal must be met. It is a time like *Playa Giron* (Bay of Pigs), like the Revolution itself in 1958, a time of *Patria o Muerte, Venceremos*, (Country or Death, we shall win). And the Voice of America comes on about forced labor and absenteeism.

raising cane

We work Monday through Friday and a half day on Saturday, in the hot sun, doing a hard job. Some of us have done manual work in the States before, but not many. From this experience we learn a small part of what it meant to be a *machatero* (cane-cutter) before the Revolution, an occupation which was held by much of Cuba's rural population. In this way we participate in what every Cuban city person has joined in, the drive to understand *el campo* (the country), to understand how the city exploits the countryside, how real surplus value in Cuba was created on the backs of the exploited *campesino*.

I talked to a former *machatero*, now working in a telephone company in Havana. He said he used to work for a peso every 100 arrobas (25 pounds per arroba), and cut 500 a day (our Brigade averages around 150 arrobas a day per person without taking time to talk or to drink water. He had to load all this cane on ox-carts to be

Venceremos Brigade: Going through Changes In Cuba

taken to the mill, owned by a certain Mister Cooper. (We now have tractors to pick up the cane.) In some cases workers were paid in tickets with which they bought food at stores owned by mill owners, at jacked-up prices.

The leader of our Brigade (we are divided into 25 brigades) is a Cuban. He grew up in the country, quit school at 13, and spent the next ten years working in a tobacco factory rolling cigars. After the Revolution, he was in charge of checking on production in the factory. He worked there for five years until the drive against bureaucracy eliminated his office, and then he went to a special school to prepare him for the university, where he now studies chemical engineering.

Another Cuban in our Brigade studies to be a neuro-surgeon, while her husband, who has already graduated in hematology, is working for two years in the rural areas of Oriente province, something which all doctors do. The list goes on and on.

Of course the Cubans in our Brigade are leaders, but exposure to people outside the camp shows that their experience is a general one. The Cubans are enamored of technology. They love their machines, and not just motorcycles and stereos, but rather cement plants and dams, and labor is often viewed as a privilege, an opportunity to win the continual Revolution and to show solidarity with the Vietnamese in this Year of the Heroic Vietnam. (Throughout the country there are signs and posters saluting Vietnam.)

Perhaps the fierce enthusiasm here is typical of any young country which has recently obtained its independence. Perhaps the meaningful phrases of today will fade out into empty rhetoric. But for the moment the task of economic development, the consciousness of being a model for the whole Third World and especially Latin America, these things carry the country along on a revolutionary wave.

Today in socialist Cuba, the people own the means of production, which means here that the cane-cutter delivers the cane to a mill directed by the workers themselves, which delivers the sugar to the government, which sells it and re-invests the profits in the economy instead of taking them abroad, as was done by the Americans before the Revolution. All this means that labor in Cuba is not alienated.

This is pretty hard for an American to understand, and this is another learning experience for the Brigade. We have visited the sugar cane mill where our cane is ground. We know how much cane is needed from our mill to fulfill its norm for the 10 million tons. And we learn how the profits from the sugar sale will be re-invested.

Last Saturday, three members of the Young Communist League came and cut with us. They all work in the sugar cane mill for eight hours a day, and then each night they go some 40 kilometers and spend three hours in school, preparing to go to the university. On Sundays they cut cane. For this work they receive probably about the same wages as sugar mill workers before the Revolution, but they get free schooling, free medical care (formerly a rarity at any cost in rural areas), and their wages enable them to buy better quantities and qualities of food.

Milk and eggs are available to everyone in Cuba, an unheard-of thing before the Revolution. Food is rationed, yes, but the ration for milk is such that every child under a certain age is entitled to a quart of milk a day, and every family receives three eggs per person per week. Hopefully money will soon no longer be necessary here.

Even now it serves little purpose, and Americans who changed their money in Cuban pesos find little to spend it on. Goods that are needed are supplied by the State. Money is necessary for distribution only in a market economy. These are things we have

read about, but it is something else to see them happening in Cuba, to see what they actually mean.

marx and
coca-cola

"We are the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." -- Jean-Luc Godard in *Masculin-Feminin*
"This country is far fucking out." -- Member of the Venceremos Brigade

A bunch of freaks arrive to cut sugar cane, along with a Brigade of Vietnamese fighters, of North Koreans, of Soviet technicians. We are a bunch of people accustomed to dope, rock music, and non-productivity. There is a considerable number of Third World people in our group, but for the most part the Brigade is made up of white youth with wealthy backgrounds.

We arrive here perhaps the least prepared, politically and physically, of all the cane-cutters in Cuba. Fidel himself is said to average 500 arrobas a day. The intellectuals, the bureaucrats, the artists, in Cuba these people cut cane often and are probably more proficient at it than we. (Voice of America to the contrary, no one in Cuba is forced to cut cane, although people are, to say the least, encouraged. Every factory, every school, sends a part of its work force for periods from three to six months to the fields, and these people volunteer. There are over 500,000 people cutting cane in Cuba at any one time, out of a population of about eight million.)

Thus the first problem that we all faced was the work. People have spent six weeks getting into the idea of working when they are tired, or working when they are sick, or working no matter what. People have had to learn self-discipline without the traditional boss over their backs. The Cubans don't push us very hard. Instead they educate us. They put on programs about the importance of the harvest, they give us written material, and they try to teach us about emulation instead of competition.

One morning, for example, the Cuban leaders of the individual brigades, without any advance notice, got together and cut some 8,000 arrobas in four hours, an amount difficult for one brigade to reach in a day. The Cuban staff in the camp come out and cut in their spare time. The Vietnamese and the Koreans have come to cut with us. One day even Fidel showed up. We have had to learn how to work together. Under the pressure of the heat, people have been getting on each other's nerves. Good workers go on ego trips, they are criticised, pairs of workers split up to work with other people with whom they don't get along, morale goes up, goes down; each

Cont. next page



Photo by LNS

day the totals are put on a board, each day is a struggle.

Politics become integrated with productivity and sensitivity sessions at the individual brigade meetings at the end of the week. The goal has been to learn to work as a collective, and few brigades have really succeeded. We have all learned what U.S. society has done to us, how it has torn us apart, how much hate we have incorporated so we can't trust one another.

Learning to live as a collective also has to be faced by the camp as a whole. Take the matter of food. People used to U.S. consumption have trouble dealing with the small portions of food in the camp. Our food is the same as is eaten by other Cubans in cane-cutting camps, and it is all right, but we still get hungry. When we have something special like ice-cream, people go for seconds and thirds, thus causing other people not to have any. People cut in line to eat sooner. People go into the nearby town and ask tourist-like questions about where they can buy pizzas and ice-cream. These things create hassles, distrust.

The idea is to get high on the Revolution, but many of us find ourselves on a difficult trip. It is the same problem of collectivity. We must learn about sacrifice. It is again the Cubans who teach. Having made the Revolution, their's is the authority, and their's is the example. What we have learned we must take back to the States.

One of the main divisions in the camp has been between men and women. Women's meetings take place constantly; confrontations occur continually. The work has been a main source of discontent. Although some of the women out-cut most of the men, many men have been able to cut more cane than many women, and they have looked down on their sisters in the field, reaping the benefits of American chauvinist traditions and its John Wayne ethics.

The Cubans said that anyone could cut cane, but that in most cases slower cutters should pile the cane that others cut, since both jobs are necessary. Since the women, not as used to hard physical labor, often cut slower, many brigades ended up with men cutting and women piling.

But men have learned that their chauvinism has caused low production in the fields. A collective cannot afford to be split up between men and women when the group has got to produce a lot of cane. Cutting was seen as a more glamorous task than piling until people began to realize that no labor is more valuable than another if it contributes most effectively to the overall goal.

Another issue has been the Cuban attitude towards women. Officially aware of the problem, the Revolution pushes the liberation of women. But for many men this concept has not been understood. It is not just a matter of opening up job opportunities (although this has certainly been done), which is what most Cuban men speak of when they are asked about it. It is a matter of changing the Latin concept of *machismo*, seen in the camp in the reactions of Cuban men to braless women or to women who openly discuss sex reactions



Tractor-drivers School in Cuba. Photo by Prensa Latina/LNS

which in many cases simply assume that these women want to screw.

Further hassles have been between Third World people (mostly blacks and Puerto-Ricans) and whites. Some blacks who stayed up late playing music and cards alienated whites who were in the same tent trying to sleep. Whites who are racists have made assumptions about what the blacks in the camp are really up to. Third World people not interested in women's liberation have reacted with hostility. Most of these problems have been better understood as time goes on. They are symptomatic of racism in the U.S., and in general they are symptomatic of all the problems we have had here in forming a collective.

continual struggle

It is hard to convey the atmosphere here. On the whole it has been one of continual struggle, mental struggle probably more than physical struggle. Cuba as a whole is a militant country, mobilized to defend itself, and this atmosphere has been transferred into the camp, and in this sense we have been successful in understanding why the *gusanos* have left (*gusanos* means "worms," means Cubans who left Cuba after the Revolution). Perhaps greater than their material losses (almost all are middle class or upper class), are their spiritual dilemmas.

In Cuba there is little room for straddling the fence; eventually the Revolution comes down to everyone, and sides must be taken. As Che said, in revolution one wins or dies, and this refers not just to the armed struggle but also the psychological one.

The hell with Voice of America and their "absenteeism." We're here and we can see that's a lie. The Revolution is attempting to create a new human

being for the Twentieth Century, one who is not alienated from his labor and from the technology he has created. It is often difficult for us to understand what is happening in Cuba. But for our own sake, for the sake of the new American revolution, we must learn from the Cuban example. We shall learn. *Venceremos!*

The article above was written in Cuba by a 24-year-old student, originally from Houston, who was a member of the Second Venceremos Brigade.

brigade III in august

A third Venceremos Brigade is now being planned for August. The 500-person brigade, consisting primarily of high school seniors and university students, will leave the U.S. in late July for four weeks of citrus fruit picking on the Isle of Youth. After the work period, the brigadistas will leave the island for a tour of Cuba.

Persons interested in participating should write immediately for information and applications to the Venceremos Brigade, P.O. Box 643, Cathedral Sta., New York, N.Y. 10025.

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Space City! (formerly Space City News as you may remember) has completed its first year, alive and well, undaunted by lack of money, over-work and understaffing, unscathed by right-wing harassment.

We've been through a lot. Firebombed cars, long nights of watchfulness at 1217 Wichita, vicious infighting between impetuous canine publisher Lyman Padde and implacable editor Bernard Wolfgang "Nice Doggie" von Padde.

A near law suit, threatened by the editor of a UFO newsletter called Space City News that forced us to reluctantly change our name.

And we're very proud of ourselves. Lest you think this self-praise immodest, consider the odds we've been up against. Houston the city where community gets lost in a network of freeways, where too many People's Projects have either failed to take shape or have died due to apathy and/or repression, where people have been too afraid or too disinterested to get together.

We all know now that this is changing, fast.

Things looked bad for the revolution when Space City! first hit the streets with Vol. 1, No. 1. Aside perhaps from the Voice of Hope, there were virtually no radical organizations or movements in the city with any sound or fury.

Since then, we've watched the birth and growth of such groups as the Welfare Rights Organization, the Committee for the Protection of Poor People, Pacifica Radio and the Rainbow Coalition (People's Party II, MAYO and the John Brown Revolutionary League.)

Women's liberation has become, for the first time, an issue in Houston, with a proliferation of women's groups and a surprising amount of pro-women's liberation sentiment (among women, at least). The war and the military have come into question on the Rice and University of Houston campuses. The high school movement has left some administrators gasping and others running to the courts to arrest the spread of dissident publications like the Bellaire Plain Brown Watermelon.

Fiery MAYO raised the issue of private property versus people's property, with its takeover and occupation of Christ Presbyterian Church. Black leader Ovide Duncantell angrily told the Houston City Council, after the murder by police of a black youth, that it would henceforth be ten pigs for every black person murdered.

A number of hip institutions have been closed down, like the Sunday afternoon Milby Park rock concerts. Others have started up and the old standby, the Family Hand Restaurant, is going strong, despite a recent bust. (See article this issue.)

Thousands, literally thousands, of people have turned out for anti-war marches, where such illustrious figures as Dr. Howard Levy and Abbie Hoffman have spoken.

But we've seen some pretty bad things too. Lee Otis Johnson's appeals have been repeatedly turned down. (Lee Otis is the Houston black leader sentenced to 30 years for supposedly giving, that is, selling, a marijuana cigaret to an undercover agent.) There was the fatal pig beating of Bobby Joe Conner (and the useless deaths of any number of sisters and brothers which didn't make the papers). Rainbow Coalition members have been continually harassed by police. Pacifica's transmitter was demolished by dynamite. The Ku Klux Klan has repeatedly attacked left and liberal groups and individuals, shooting up houses and cars and delivering threatening phone calls and letters.

Meanwhile, the cost of living has soared and Houston skies have become increasingly murky with industrial pollution.

And through everything, Space City! has been attempting to make some sense of it all, to separate this from that, put it all back together with a new perspective and package it up in a way that the *Houston Chronicle* or *Post* can't and won't. We've reported and analyzed the news where we felt we must and helped to make the news where we could.

Houston, Know Thyself, might be our motto. Local news and analysis has been our emphasis, with national and international material filling in the enormous gaps that the local commercial media have left.

One of our favorite examples of this introspective investigation is the issue on the Houston Endowment, the Jesse Jones Empire and the *Houston Chronicle* (SC no.6) This report followed a series of articles on Houston media and who owns it. We thought then, and still do, that if you want to understand power in Amerika, you must understand its media.

In our fourth issue, we ran a straight, factual article on Houston's beloved mayor and his land-dealings. Mr. Welch subsequently appeared on a league of Women Voters television program and declared that Space City News was "not worth wrapping a fish in." (Let us hope that Mr. Welch wraps his fish in the *Post Chronicle* or *Tribune*.)

as we begin our second year LOOK OUT,



THE WICHITA GANG: Some of the people

This incident remains one of our finer moments.

Other high points. The strikes at Rohm and Haas, National Biscuit Co. and General Electric, to which we devoted much copy and where we made lots of friends among the strikers.

MAYO. This organization seemed to be pretty quiet up until the beginning of the year, when all of a sudden, wham! there they were, with new leadership and lots of people, joyously situated in an old unused church which they had liberated from the Presbyterians and renamed the North Side People's Center. MAYO promptly set up an impressive Breakfast for Children Program and a freedom school.

In the best tradition of participatory journalism, Space City! staffer Sherwood Bishop (who is now on the road, checking out the east coast) stuck with MAYO until the bitter end (or was it the happy beginning?) when the group was unceremoniously evicted.

Read back over Sherwood's articles (SC no. 16 and 17). You won't read the words of an indifferent and "objective" reporter, but of an activist who helped prepare breakfast for kids, who laughed and cried with the MAYO rebels and who was willing to get busted with them, in that eventuality. That's real journalism.

Rice University. A month ago we decided it was time to rake some more muck. Our deserving victim this time was the group of people who run Rice University. (SC no.20). It was about this time that students there were getting pretty uppity, threatening to

make Rice Krispies of the place and such. So as a graduation present to the students (and a goodbye gift to outgoing Pres. Vandiver) Rice students and Space City! staffers put together some facts and research that even gained us a mention in the *Houston Tribune*.

(Lest University of Houston President Phillip Hoffman and friends feel slighted, we might mention that we're digging up dirt on that academic institution, too.)

But forget about the paper for a moment, and let's look at Houston again.

One of the first things we noticed about this place was how no one seems to stay here. Some people seem to spend their every waking hour thinking, talking, dreaming about leaving — usually for the California coast, the Pacific Northwest or New Mexico.

Hip white kids here seem to be among the most vagabond-prone. Of course, people should travel around, see the country. And Houston's hardly Fun City.

But this constant migration has made it difficult to get anything started among white kids in Houston.

Sure, Houston's getting hot and heavy — politically and atmospherically. And there's no doubt in our minds that things are going to get hotter and heavier. But if you know of a place where you're not going to run into Amerika sometime or another, please tell us about it. And a significant percentage of this country's population will join you there. See, there ain't no such place. You don't find paradise, you build it.

ear

HOUSTON!



ple one of the times. -- Photo by Bill Metzler.

Which is not to say that we're going to build paradise in Houston — at least not overnight. But by sticking it out here, and creating our own institutions (non-commercial ones, please) we can help get ourselves together; we can help ourselves to survive and can become part of a whole international movement geared to making the world a decent place for human habitation.

We need some new people's institutions in Houston.

Like free medical clinics and day care centers. These institutions have to serve *all* people in need — black, brown and white — and they have to be organized, staffed and controlled by the people that use them. We need food co-ops, cheap automobile repair garages, freedom classes. We need People's Theater, People's Music, People's Art. We need inexpensive housing for homeless people. Yeah, all this and more.

To help stir up a little interest in survival institutions, Space City! is starting a regular survival column. (See section, this issue.) We hope to cover everything from how to start medical clinics to how to shoot a pistol. And since we most certainly don't know everything, we need your help. We need suggestions, criticisms, contributions and people.

We're not putting out this paper for our health, or to keep our little minds occupied. We're trying to help pull together the sixth largest city in the country, to help people understand that they're not alone in their unhappiness, anger and dissatisfaction. That's what we've been trying to do from the start.

Maybe the next Space City! year will be the Year of Getting It Together For Survival. MAYO's already moved into its new North Side People's Center. People's Party 11 has programs for community police control and breakfasts for children in the works. Plans are underway for a switchboard, a central information bureau, where you can call for whatever facts you need.

Okay, so there are a few of the things that we think need working on this year. All of which require a lot of energy, a lot of people, and at least a little money — in short, they mean support, getting it together, organization, or whatever you want to call it.

With that in mind, let's talk a little more about Space City! You know we reach a hell of a lot of people every issue — people who have things, people who need things, people who are doing something, people who want something to do. And though we've been able to make a start at it, there's a lot more that needs to be done in getting all those people together. Unfortunately, it doesn't seem to be enough just to say: "Here we are, use us." So what we'd like to do is get together with two kinds of people: people who need help in organizing a particular community project and people who are interested in working to build Space City! We need the first kind of people to tell us what to do, and we need the second kind of people to help us do it.

If you're one of those kinds of people, come to a community meeting Monday, June 8, at 8 p.m. at the Space City! office, 1217 Wichita (between San Jacinto and Caroline). To keep the size of that meeting down to manageable proportions, we'd suggest that people who like to talk more than they like to work should write us letters.

These two paragraphs are for people who like to give money. If inapplicable to your situation, you may skip

to the second following paragraph. . . . To those of you who remain: we're broke again. Actually, we're broke still, but sometimes it hurts more than others. Right now it hurts because we need to grow, and we're only making enough to stand still good. We've discovered in the last year that money works like fertilizer (metaphorically speaking, of course). You sprinkle a little on top of things and they get bigger.

As a result of our last appeal, we were able to finance our own typesetting equipment, which freed us from dependence on commercial operations that often had their own ideas about what we ought and ought not to say. Now we need money for salaries. The paper pays for itself, but the staff has yet to draw a penny in wages. We've lived off savings, selling papers, begging, borrowing, etc. But, frankly, it can't go on like this. The savings are gone, and all the relatives are wise to us. With a little good, green fertilizer from you folks, we can take Space City! writers off the streetcorners and put 'em back at the typewriters where they belong; we can expand our coverage and improve our quality; we might even (fondest of dreams) be able to hire enough more people to go weekly. And best of all, we could increase our circulation to the point where we wouldn't have to write these pleas. That's the sort of marvelous things more money could do. We figure we need minimally \$5,400. That's \$150 a month for six people for six months. With a little love, we can live on that.

This last word is for our vendors. You're beautiful people. And you're the ones who make or break the paper in the long run. Maybe because we get to know a lot of you better than we know our other readers, and maybe because we sell enough papers ourselves to

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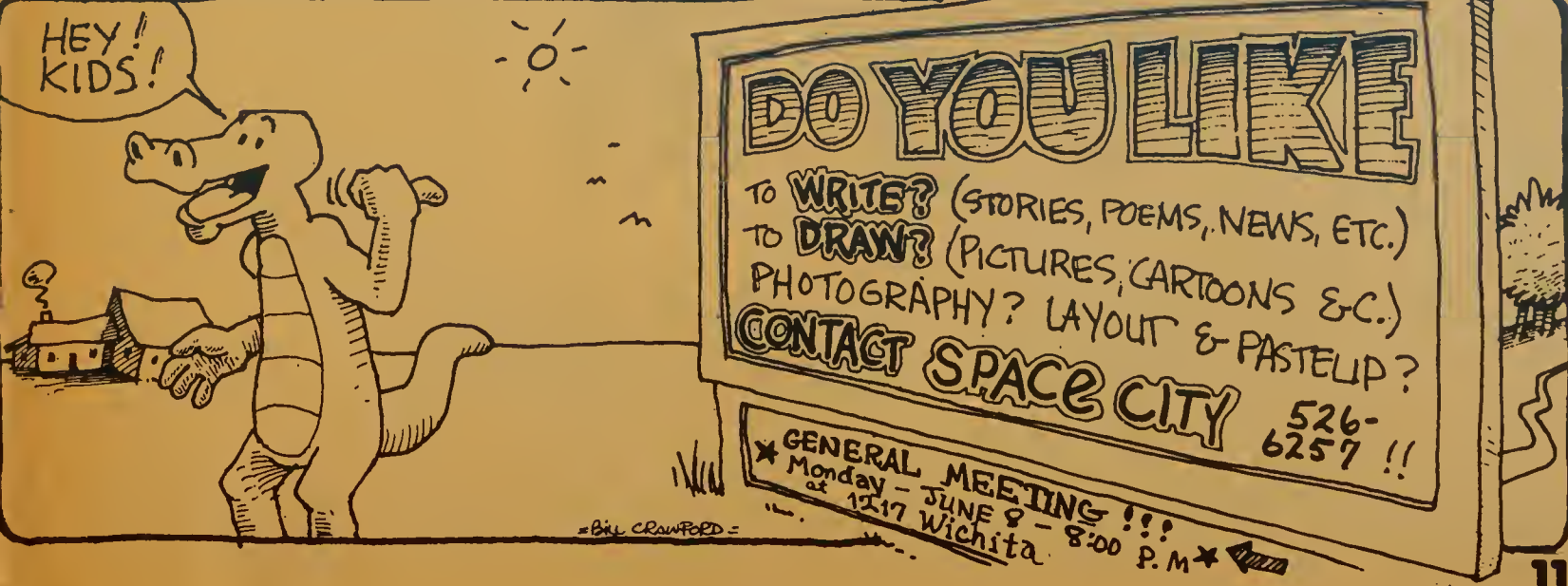


dig on your habit, you occupy a sort of special place in our freaky, red, red hearts. Keep it up! Power to the vendors! And our standard plug to the uninitiated: you buy 'em for 10 cents and you sell 'em for 20 cents.

That means Spread the Word, 'cause together we're making Maggie's Farm like it never was before! Look out, Houston. There's thunder on the hill. Dig it!

Love and struggle,

The Space City! Collective



You Oughta Be In Pictures

by shortbeard the vendor

After seeing student movies at Rice, it's easy to visualize a film about selling Space City. And visualize, I did. In my fantasy, I clearly pictured the action, heard the dialogue and even created special effects — because all this actually took place during the last year. The set was the street; the characters, you and me, and the action, people's reactions to Space City. Roll 'em.

Scene 1: Social Psychological Gut Reaction

Outside Coliseum, while Spiro Agnew speaks inside, vendor approaches tall, sixtyish man dressed in black, carrying a big black umbrella in his bony hand. Vendor shows Space City! cover where Agnew pontificates to the effect that student demonstrations about Cambodia are a lark.

Black-suit man studies cover, steps back a pace, curls his left hand over his head, then lunges with his right foot forward and right hand outstretched, a la D' Artagnan: a rapier-like thrust at the thin air between him and the Space City cover. . . . Fade out.

Scene 2: Psychiatric Bowel Reaction

Vendor sells to motorists on busy street and a black newsboy follows, selling establishment paper.

A red-faced motorist in a shiny \$3,000-plus steed, sees Space City! cover, grabs his throat, pantomimes choking, vomiting, etc. Black kid stares dispassionately. Traffic light

changes to green, cars move off and newsboy asks, "Did you hear what that man said?" His voice rises higher, emphasizing more incredulity than question.

I say, "No." "Well," says the newsboy, sort of chewing on his words, "that man said when he sees Space City, he shits."

"Oh. . . what did you say to that?" was the best I could reply.

Face lighting up, newsboy answers, "I told him: well, go ahead and shit!" Fade out.

Scene 3: Neo-Realism (as I understood Roberto Rossellini's definition to the effect "go out in the street and shoot what you see.")

Vendor sells on Main Street outside Woolworths, dressed in a business suit, and, happily he finds that men dressed in business suits and ties buy Space City!, showing a look of concern on their faces. Smiling young girls in summer frocks also buy. Watching the action, a young man, short hair, in business suit, leans against Woolworth's entrance.

He shouts from the opposite edge of the sidewalk, as pedestrians stream between us — "Are you the publisher?"

"No, seven others are."

He answers my look: "Space City! sure is well known."

"After a year's operation, the paper's earned it."

At the end of this ping-pong dialogue over the heads of the crowd — silence. As a note of explanation: most neo-realistic scenes include non-exciting speeches which are true, but usually dull.

Finally, the young man walks through the crowd, saying "We got to sell this paper because these people really need it." He takes a copy, asking people, "Want to buy a Space City! brother?" (or sister — as the case might be). People respond, politely saying, no. But, his enthusiasm undaunted, he continues, "Want to buy a Space City?" . . . Fade out.

Scene 4: Antonioni or Fellini Ambiguity (where what you hear and see has got to mean more than what you think you hear and see.)

At anti-war demonstration: two over-thirty, short hairs — short pants, multi-colored sports shirts — pass vendor, heads straight ahead, but you have the feeling that their eyes see the paper completely.

They turn, stroll back toward the vendor, looking at the demonstrators as if they were specimens in a laboratory. They take their time getting to the vendor because their path is an ellipse.

Finally, one, without looking directly at you, orders a paper, while the other looks off. . . somewhere. Caught up in the mood, the vendor acts as if under a spell, and he automatically says, "You'll like the paper."

The buyer's head and shoulders jerk back, like a recoil from this blast, "I know I won't like it but I want to keep up with what you people are doing."

The scene gradually fades to black as the vendor is seen, nodding, nodding his head.



Scene 5: Heros and Heroines

Busy street, sports car turns sharply from outside lane, arm reaches out, dislodges quarter, grabs Space City!, moves away — seen almost in one motion.

Middle-aged lady calmly stops her car, opens purse, fumbles for coins, speaks a few pleasantries, pays, smiles and drives off, as cars behind her meekly follow.

Young girl, dressed in jumper outfit, runs from car parked about eight cars from corner. She breathlessly asks for Space City, smiles happily, jogs back to her car. Motorists in the seven cars in front of hers magnetically turn their heads, watch her return.

Note to Robert Altman: I'll call you, don't call me.

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JOHN REYNOLDS



Part II
of
exclusive
interview
with
actress-
activist
Jane Fonda,
conducted
by
Space City!
staffers
Smith and
Dreyer ...

Photo by Victoria Smith

Part Two

JANE FONDA

SPACE CITY: Some of our friends seem to feel that your latest film *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* is a very strong indictment of capitalist society and it seemed to be the primary message there. Some people didn't get that at all. You're an actress and you're involved in that whole world in Hollywood. And I assume that you're going to continue to relate to that world. How do you see bringing the understanding you are gaining about what's happening in the world into your work in movies?

FONDA: I wish that every movie I make could be a political movie, a very heavy political movie. I can tell you that it's hard enough just to get a good part in any kind of movie. And we do have to eat, contrary to what most people think. All movie actors aren't particularly rich, especially if they're as dumb as I am as far as money is concerned and I frankly don't really care that much. There are not enough writers that are involved in writing political movies that really mean anything, although that's changing more and more. I know that right now Don Duncan, an ex-Green Beret and a very big organizer of the GI movement, is writing an anti-war movie involving the GI movement.

This kind of thing should be done more, but since there is a dearth of these kind of scripts the important thing I think for myself and any other actress who is political, is to find ways of making the good scripts as political as possible. Someone who has done this very well is an actress whom I admire enormously, Vanessa Redgrave. She's a very political actress. She always manages, no matter what kind of movie she's in to get in her politics.

What I'm saying is that it is important, especially now that I've become aware of how movies I've made promote male chauvinism to be sure when I agree to do a picture and when I choose my scripts that, maybe they're not going to be the heaviest political pictures, but I want to make sure that they're not going to go the other way and do the contrary of what I'm trying to do in my life. And then the second step is to try, in whatever way possible, to make in some way a political statement. It ain't easy and I'll probably be working less, but that's what I have to do. And then also constantly try to find people who do know how to write movie scripts, who are political and who can say things political through movies because that is one of the most important media.

SPACE CITY: Will you make some specific comments on *'They Shoot Horses'*? What that was really about?

FONDA: I don't think that any of the people involved in making that movie really thought of it directly as an indictment of the capitalist society, but in fact because it was about the depression and because it showed the misery and oppression of people in a capitalist society, that's what it ended up being. Another thing that it did, as far as I'm concerned, although not too many people thought about it that way, it showed how society creates problems and when people try to find their own personal solutions for them, society condemns them, whatever the solution may be.

In the movie, the character that I was playing was a really down-and-out girl who had been oppressed on every level all of her life and was totally, desperately, hopeless and could not continue. And killing her was the only way. There was no other answer for her. And yet, the man who killed her out of an act of generosity was condemned for it. And this kind of thing happens all the time. Society creates problems and then condemns people for trying to solve them.

SPACE CITY: I'm trying to get a sense of what you mean by a political film. Could you mention some films that you think have contributed more to progressive politics?

FONDA: I personally think that *Easy Rider* is a political movie. I know that my brother and Dennis Hopper were aware of this, but I don't think they were aware of the degree to which it was a political movie. I think there certainly have been much more political movies, but the important thing is that it was such a huge success seen by a mass of particularly young people who related to it and who realized through it that racism, for example, is not just limited to black people and minorities. It's not just a racial thing.

The best political movie that I've ever seen is the *Battle of Algiers*. There is also *Z* which is not as heavy a picture but has been seen by many more people and this always has to be taken into consideration. A lot of people consider it a kind of Hollywood type movie. For Americans it's pretty radical, but for very political people and European people, it really wasn't that radical.

As far as I'm concerned the important thing is that it was seen by people who normally would never have seen a movie like that. That's something else that has to be taken into consideration. It is not that difficult to make an underground political picture, but nobody sees it.

The important thing is to make a movie — MASH in its own way is a very political picture — which has been seen by many people. One would hope to make a movie which would be extremely successful which right away means that it's not going to be very radical, it is not going to be heavy, heavy, but in a subtle way is going to reach middle America and touch them in some way.

SPACE CITY: A lot of people who are in the movement think that though there are certainly positive things that come out of political movies that are distributed through Hollywood, there is the whole thing about the medium being the message and that as long as you're making big commercial films that are making lots of money for Hollywood that are the whole kind of spectacle thing that you're never going to really accomplish anything very basic and that maybe we have to build different kinds of institutions. Certainly the movement film-making groups like Newsreel are very limited in what they can do and they're not technically that adept. Do you see any possibilities for establishing cooperatives of radical movie makers to somehow make and distribute films themselves so they don't have to face the limitations that people face in Hollywood?

FONDA: There are cooperatives. Unfortunately, they're not very political. It's something that I would like very much to see. There's always such a shortage of money for anybody involved in these things. No matter what kind of movie you're making it does take a lot of money. Newsreel can make movies for hardly any money, but on the next step up you start getting into a couple of hundred thousand dollars and that's always hard for the radicals to raise.

It's true, if you're going through a large Hollywood studio you're promoting the capitalist system in a way, but don't you think it may be necessary to use the system against itself for a while? People have to be reached and if Hollywood movies are one way to reach them and Hollywood movies still do exist, then those of us who have access to Hollywood movies have to try to make them more and more pertinent. I think that's very important.

I would like to say just one thing that has nothing to do with movies. I get this a lot. I wasn't a-

Cont. on 18



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PEOPLES PARTY II

War is the highest form of struggle in resolving contradictions. When policies can no longer proceed through peaceful means, war breaks out. Wars have existed ever since the class society and private property emerged. People's Party realizes that it is not possible to fight a conventional war in this country due to the high level of technology in the city-community set up. So we move to create an urban war. Urban guerrilla tactics will be utilized by the party and the oppressed people.

The reactionary pig forces (police, national guard, etc.) have two things going for them at this point: speedy communication and mobility. We will not even deal with the question of technological weapons because the spirit of the people is greater than the man's technology. The more weapons the pig power structure stockpiles, the more weapons that will be available for the people.

We (the people) get our weapons by taking them from the oppressor-troops as exemplified by the Viet Cong. We don't mind bringing out such things because the power structure, no matter how hard they try, cannot stop the course of history — people moving to take control of their own lives and communities.

Weapons are a very important factor in war, but they are not the decisive factor. Wars are fought by people, and weapons are only instruments that the people use in the process of war. So this can certainly exclude the bourgeois argument of the people not having enough weapons or the pigs having better weapons than the people.

There is no doubt in the minds of our party and several other objective thinking people that war is inevitable in this country. The pig power structure and its puppet forces are preparing. Therefore we must move to prepare ourselves and our people for this war.

Chairman Mao Tse Tung spoke on Peking radio and called for the people of the world to prepare for the third World War. It must be understood that we do not want war. We are against this monstrosity of war slaughtering man, so our study of war and our movement to prepare ourselves and our people for war springs out of our desire to end all wars.

Examples of this are Korea, Latin America, Africa and right now this imperialist program is going on in Viet Nam. The very fact that Nixon and his advisors made the decision to escalate the war in Viet Nam by moving into Cambodia clearly illustrates that this country has no intentions of changing its policy of waging wars that are only in their capitalistic interest and will continue to turn a deaf ear to the cry of the masses of people — to withdraw all troops from Viet Nam and let the Vietnamese people solve their own problem.

Our situation in the black communities and colonies in America is very similar to that of the Vietnamese people. We are an occupied people, this can be proved by the actions of the pig-dog-police department and the National Guard armies that are strategically stationed through our black communities. The police are not subjects from the community, they are racists from other communities brought in to patrol the streets of our communities and keep niggers in their place, which is at a sub-human level. We realize that there are a handful of blacks on the police force, but they have been carefully chosen by the oppressor and have proved themselves willing to carry out the oppressor's policies and not to serve and protect the people.

Not only are we being oppressed by the puppet forces in our communities but, now that people are moving to end this oppression and change the inhuman conditions that exist in our many ghettos, we are suffering from oppression. The very fact that the Black Panther Party is under national attack from the pigs proves that it is very profitable for the capitalist to keep us at this sub-human level and if we move to change this situation they will send their strong-arm men down on us, they will even go as far as to lodge bullets in our heads as we sleep. Dig! (Fred Hampton)

The capitalists are waging wars throughout the world for self interest and super profits. This is not surprising to Peoples Party 11 because in studying the history of capitalistic countries we have found that imperialism is the highest stage of capitalism — that when the country can no longer function by exploitation and high taxes taken from the working class of



Huey P. Newton. Photo by Jeff Blankfort/LNS

people within the capitalist country, the country extends its power to other countries to exploit and oppress other people for more profits.

Well we are already dead if these fucked-up conditions that the majority of our people live in continue. So we can't live like this. The only thing left is to move to prepare our people for revolutionary war to destroy all corrupt officials and their gestapo forces. We realize that freedom is indivisible and that as long as these conditions exist we must use the only power we have, the only power that can never be taken from anyone when everything else is taken, and that's the power to destroy, the power to disrupt, the power to throw a nigger wrench in the machinery.

So we say, that we believe that every man, woman and child on the face of

the planet earth has a right to the highest, best and most beautiful life that technology and human knowledge and wisdom is able to produce. So we start from there and we don't want to hear no motherfucker talking about But, you can't. You dig! Peoples Party 11 says "all for everybody or nothing for nobody."

Unless this country completely changes its nature the world can forget it. And we have an obligation to ourselves and to posterity and the whole idea of civilization to run ourselves to death to avert a probable catastrophe.

Power to the People

Peoples Party 11

Carl Hampton, Chairman of the Central Committee

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Huey To Be Free?

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) — Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense and founder of the Black Panther Party, may soon be free to walk the streets of Oakland.

A California court of appeals in San Francisco has overturned Huey's 1968 manslaughter conviction. (He was sentenced to 2-15 years in the shooting of an Oakland cop, John Frey, and is currently in jail in San Luis Obispo, Calif.)

The opinion, handed down unanimously by a three-judge panel, was based on three reversible errors on the part of trial Judge Monroe Friedman.

The three errors were:

1) The defense argued that if Huey was shot first and was unconscious, he could not have shot Frey. The jury should have been instructed that they must acquit Huey if they found that he had been unconscious. The judge refused to give such instruction.

2) Huey was denied bail because of a previous felony conviction for robbery. The defense asked for a hearing on these previous charges, because Huey had been denied proper counsel at that time. The judge refused the hearing.

3) Taped recorded evidence from an important witness, brought in while the jury was deliberating, was never shown to the jury, but was placed in the trial transcript.

The attorney general has 30 days to appeal the reversal to the California supreme court. The case may be re-tried, but only after Huey is granted a hearing on the previous robbery conviction. And, according to Huey's lawyer, the courts will be obligated to grant him bail.

Chances are that Huey will be free within a month, if he is not already free by the time you read this article.



Q: I have been offered some Pink Sandoz for \$2. Should I get that, or Orange Wedges for \$1.50? Also, is the purple mescaline in those big caps better than the red flats?

A: I'll say it one more time: labels, claims, pedigrees and names don't mean shit! In a recent study in New York, researchers went out and bought all the different kinds of street dope they could find; about 70 assorted caps and tabs in all. The sellers had claimed a variety of substances and amounts; 30 were acid, 15 mescaline, 15 psilocybin, some THC, etc. They analyzed each pill. The results? Almost all the dope was LSD or to a lesser extent, STP. There was NO mescaline, NO psilocybin and NO THC in the whole assortment. Furthermore, the amounts of LSD were much lower than was claimed. The *strongest* pill in the bunch was a cap of "mescaline" which actually contained 260 mcg of LSD. The average amount was under 100 mikes.

LSD is stronger than underground folklore would indicate. Fifty micrograms will get most people "off" pretty well. Acid claimed to contain amounts like 500 gamma is almost always bullshit, as is most "psilocybin" and "mescaline" and ALL THC. Fancy claims and labels like Ousley, Sandoz, Sunshine and so on mean nothing.

Until such drugs are legalized and come under consumer-protection control, the most intelligent strategy of the buyer is to place your faith in PEOPLE, not in labels. If you buy small quantities, buy from friends who will tell you the truth; NOT about what the pill is supposed to be, but about how it feels. Is it smooth? Is consciousness clear and sharp rather than confused and fuzzy? Does it cause gas or bodily discomfort? How long does the trip phase last?

This information — the subjective quality of the drug — is what counts anyway, and it is the only information your friend will be able to give you accurately, unless he knows the chemist himself. If you wish to buy larger quantities, it is only reasonable to take one first, for the same reason.

Q: Some friends of mine say I should drop belladonna. Isn't this poison? They say it is very different from acid.

A: Yes, belladonna is poison. While it is used in small quantities for medicinal purposes, belladonna damages brain tissue in any amount — and it can be lethal.

Many poisonous substances act like central nervous system stimulants in certain doses. Acid is sometimes laced with strychnine to make it more "dramatic," for example. Poison trips are intense, very visual and very fragmented. I have not tried belladonna, but I have heard that it tends to engender very elaborate hallucinations, such as conversations with people who aren't there and so forth.

Like nutmeg, belladonna will make you sick. Those who take it should expect to throw up, and should have some cream of wheat or something to keep filling the stomach. The effects persist for a few days.

Fucking up your brain with poisons strikes me as pointless when good hallucinogens are so easily available. If I try belladonna, it will be mainly to increase my knowledge in the sense of "professional duty;" I do not expect to do it twice. Cramps and vomiting are not my idea of fun.

They said it would never happen! Brian Grant attacking acid! Have I lost my mind? Have I sold out? Tune in next issue for the apostasy of the year: dear friends, as soon as I finish finals, I am going to blast the self-abusive use of drugs.



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Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana by David Flemming is available for \$1 via SUNDANCE PRESS, P.O. Box 99393, San Francisco, 94109. Flemming really knows what he is talking about, and he is selling the book at virtually zero profit. You can mail a dollar bill; they are honest, and you'll get your book in a week or so.

It is still not too late to grow your own this summer; and besides, it is nice to have a way to correct all the BS about pot in the folklore. (Example: male plants DO contain THC). I am also going to ask Flemming to send a hundred copies or so to town to be sold at cost locally.

Remember, folks, send your questions about dope to Brian Grant, % Space City! 1217 Wichita, Houston Tx 77004.

P.S. See the recent issue of Health/Pac Bulletin, 17 Murray St, New York, NY 10007, with articles on: "Who benefits from the American Drug Culture?" "Drug Law History: Politics & Prohibition" and "Methadone vs Therapeutic Communities."



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New Music



by Jim Ogg

The Who have been something of a puzzle in recent years. Those who have seen them live know that they are capable of the most forceful, driving music in the world, a celebration of the beauty of chaos and destruction led by heavy-handed Pete Townshend on guitar, with John Entwistle on bass, Roger Daltrey doing lead vocals, and the maniacal Keith Moon on drums, considered by many the best drummer in pop music, certainly the fastest. They fill the stage with spectacle.

However, their recording efforts have been fairly lame and top-40 oriented (with the exception of an occasional sleeper like "My Generation," "Happy Jack," or "I Can See For Miles"). They are simply too visual to be heard and not seen.

Their latest album, *LIVE AT LEEDS* is the first album which captures the real essence of the band — brutal, pounding energy! Side one opens with "Young Man Blues" to get you stomping, then moves into "Substitute," a schmaltzy teeny number and an unfortunate selection for such a dynamic album. "Summertime Blues" puts Blue Cheer to shame, and Keith Moon's drumming gives a whole new life to the Eddie Cochran oldie. "Shakin' All Over" closes out the side, and it *shakes*, with some fantastic vocal effects by Daltrey.

Side Two begins with their first big hit, "My Generation," which fades quickly into about ten minutes of a musical patchwork, snatches of shattering guitar work, changing tempos, weaving in and out of forms, and eventually levelling out into "Magic Bus," which polishes off the album beautifully and with such power that by the time it is over in a final whining buzzing screeching climax, it is not to be believed. . . a physical experience on record, and not recommended for easy-listening fans!

MEDIOCRE ALBUM OF THE WEEK. . . Much publicized British group Mott the Hoople's debut album, *MOTT THE HOOPLE*, is about nine-tenths of a drag. It features such groovy goodies as an extended instrumental of "You Really Got Me," a pathetic 7-minute version of Sonny Bono's fine "Laugh at Me," and an 11-minute original tune called "Half Moon Bay," which sounds like Vanilla Fudge trying to do "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands". . . if you can imagine that. . .

AROUND THE SPACE CITY. . . Certainly the most bizarre and original band around town is Bruiser Barton and the Dry Heaves. Those who have had the opportunity to see them at Milby Park or elsewhere can testify that they are unique to say the least. . . Their material is almost entirely Barton-composed, and its crude brilliance is reminiscent of the Fugs in their early days (they were recently engaged for the Spring Branch senior prom, then emphatically banned when the sponsor got wind of their act). Their show-stopping numbers include "Mad Captain Blood," "Backseat Baby," "The Smelly Obese Virgin," "The Ballad of Oysters Crenshaw," and the inimitable "Romped It Stomped It."

The Band members are: Bruiser Barton (bellowing and stiff sweatsock), Stomach Pump Ruland (guitar), Lovebone Ferguson (bass), Ooo-Wah-Doo Foshea (dirty kazoo), luscious Tomato Wolfram (electric saucepan), Beefcake Brown (harp and skin flute), and BoBo Saperstein (washboard). . . If you get the chance, see them. . .

Family Hand Bust

Houston cops staged a mini-raid on the Family Hand Restaurant Wednesday evening, May 27. Ten minutes after the arrests four people burst into the Space City! offices yelling that "everyone at the Hand was just busted!" Which proved to be an exaggeration, but that's apparently what seemed to be happening at the time.

The cops arrested everyone conceivably in violation of anything. Example: three employees for working without health cards, a minor infraction which usually elicits a preliminary admonishment or two to the management. Hand manager George Banks thinks the arrests might be a prelude to police efforts to revoke the Hand's liquor license.

The following was written by one of the 17 people arrested.

The police came into the restaurant and went up to this table and arrested all four people there for minors drinking. Two girls sitting at the table were drinking cokes. And one boy sitting at the table, who had bottles in front of him, was 21.

They arrested Mike and George for being managers. Then more police came along with two liquor control people. They came in checking ID's, looking at the licenses, in the beer box and checking workers for health cards. When it was discovered some people didn't have cards, they were taken in. Also the person whose name was on the license was taken in. A house painter was arrested for drunk and some people on the street for not moving on. Seventeen people in all.

Many of the police had negative attitudes and hassled and acted like they had sand in their craws.

Everybody at the restaurant was very helpful while it was going on and afterwards, offering us money and support.

Down at the station we were booked amidst idiotic conversation, and in the cells by midnight. The most outrageous incident was when we were in

the office of the city vice squad when an officer, badge number 1623, pushed and punched a boy named Clint. In the women's cell it was stifling hot.

We were released in the morning about 10. Arrests waste money.

Police have patrolled this area with contempt for longhairs since the beginning. Arrest and harassment vary



from season to season. Right now there seems to be a lot. The restaurant has sort of become a focal point for their resentment and they drive by slowly and look and turn the corner and look out back. Sometimes they talk to someone on the street and say really wierd things. It seems that they have fantasies about what freaks do and what goes on in the Family Hand. A few times before they've come in, but they've never really made contact. All the curiosity is too much.

But once you've been arrested it's real the way they treat you. Everyone arrested last week was held without bond all night, then paid fines and several hundred in bonds to get out. The restaurant wasn't closed and it opened the next day with the people that weren't arrested. The owners will have to appear on the charges of minors in possession and selling to a drunk. They could be fined and lose or have their license suspended, if they are found guilty. — Mike

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fonda...

Cont. from 13

ware, since I've been out of the country for so long, the degree to which young people have become discouraged at the idea of protesting and the idea of petitions and all of those kinds of things since 1968. People who were political have just dropped out, they say "What's the point?"

When we were fasting in Denver during the moratorium, young people were just coming by all the time saying "what's the use?" All I can say to these people is first of all, if you're waiting for big immediate results, forget it. That's not where revolution is at. It's slow, patient, day to day work. It takes discipline. It's something that a lot of people are not willing to do, but they must realize that that is the only way to do it.

One example of how effective petitions can be, I read three days ago that the president of Bolivia is going to reexamine the Regis Debray case and perhaps free him simply because of all the pressure that has been put on him over three years by the French intellectuals and all the people who have been protesting in France and sending petitions there. A man's life may very well be saved. And I refuse to become discouraged and lose hope. This is the way things have always been done. History proves us right, that that is the way things are done and to think that because it's not happen-

ing immediately it's never going to happen is just defeatist and wrong.

SPACE CITY: Many people are looking for new forms of protest. On certain levels you can't work within the system. You can't have the ultimate faith that if you petition the system it's going to change itself, there has to be more basic change than that. Many people have thought that various kinds of terroristic actions stimulate people, like the bombings in New York. What do you think about this kind of action? Where demonstrations on campuses end in burning ROTC buildings.

FONDA: I think it's a very misguided idea of what revolution is all about. First, I'm opposed to violence, it's ineffective right now anyway. It gets people hurt for no reason. David Dillinger said it very well yesterday at the rally in Washington. He said breaking windows or smashing people here in Washington means nothing, just as this rally here is not to let off steam, it is not a safety valve, it is the expression of anything. It is the beginning.

And what it's all about is all of you going back to the communities from which you came and working and organizing and talking and getting it together and keeping up the momentum. This is not a safety valve. I think of the people who are spouting rhetoric and blowing their noses in the American flag and talking about, in one breath, revolution and pot. I think it's just silly. I think it confuses the issues. I think a lot of people who think there is an incredible group, certainly not a majority, that if suddenly everybody goes out in the streets armed and ready for violence that there

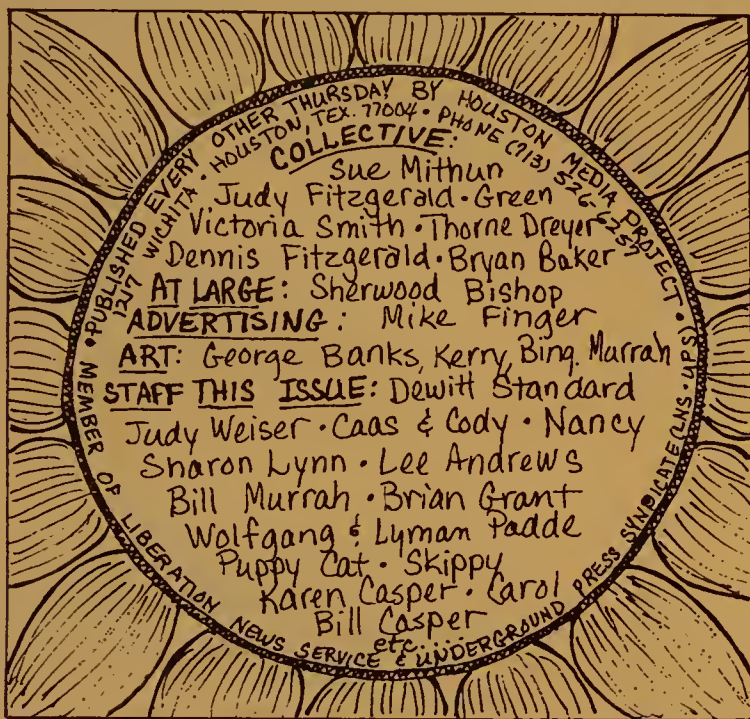
is going to be a huge uprising. There's not. They're just going to get exterminated, wiped out. That's not what revolution is about. It's organization. Any revolutionary knows that. Lenin constantly said to the workers, no, not now, wait.

Revolution in this country is such a freaky idea, everybody's so comfortable. I've been talking to workers and lower income people. They've got an ice box and they've got a mobile home and so they'll have to spend the rest of their lives paying for it. But they don't realize the fact that they're exploited. They bicker a bit. As far as they're concerned, our country right or wrong. These people are the people who have to be educated and until they are, until they become political, there's no point in going out in the streets and bombing and stuff like that.

And hopefully, that won't be necessary and hopefully it will never be necessary. It would be marvelous to never have to kill anybody. Besides the bombing faction, there's the other faction, the drop-outs, the let's-go-to-Maoui-and-live-on-the-beach-and-let's-go-to-New-Mexico-and-live-in-communes. I visited those communes and I think it's a false utopia, it's extremely egotistical. I very well understand and am frequently tempted by that whole thing. You think this is where it's at. We will go and we will live off the land and that's beautiful except that it solves nothing and I think it's wrong to put your head in the sand and to forget about what is happening to the people in the ghettos and to forget about the people who can't dress and can't eat and who can't feed their children.

I was there two days after Nixon made his speech on Cambodia. Those people didn't even know about it. That's not what life is all about. If everybody doesn't find out the truth and what their role is in terms of showing other people the truth and working and joining the struggle, then how can you get up in the morning and look at yourself in the mirror? And disappearing into nature isn't the answer. It's very tempting, but as I said before, it's a very egotistical thing to do.

I also think that dope is not the answer. It's an ego trip, I think the government will probably legalize marijuana simply because it keeps people oppressed, it keeps people passive and happy. It's very hard to go out and organize when you're stoned. Given a choice, between the two, between protest or dope, they'll legalize dope. I think young people have to become aware of the fact that this is something that is being and will be used to keep them passive and in a manipulative position.



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"The Black Book," edited by Earl Ofari and composed by Judy Davis, is a new publication of REP. It contains quotations from the works of Malcolm X, W.E.B. DuBois and Frantz Fanon. For a copy, send 25 cents to REP, Box 561-A, Detroit, MI 48232.

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Information wanted to get me out of the army. Very serious and willing to pay for fool proof info, write A. Caffey, 036-34-6403 A Co 2/66 Amor Ft Hood.

'64 Sprite, good condition, clean \$550; Farisa electric organ \$300. Moving - must sell, 781-0834.

Becky wants a ride to Miami before Monday June 8. Contact her through George Banks at 528-8306.

Starving artist type interested in any type of commercial art, cartooning, caricatures, etc. Write Jerry Lewis, 337 Winona Dr, Pasadena Tx 77502 or contact at Fica Mart Sat nite.

FOR SALE: 1970 red VW bus, excellent condition, 6000 miles, warranty maintained. Come by after 6 pm, 1828 W. Main apt 1.

I need a ride to NYC on way to Europe. Can leave anytime from June 20 on. Please write or call Chris McHenry, German House, 2103 Nueces, Austin 78705. (512) 477-7085. PEACE.

Wanted: used English racer bike, call Kay at 499-1820.

Practice room for bands for rent. Organ, piano & drums present. Steve, 526-1050.

High School Directory - a listing of high school independent and underground papers is now available for 25 cents from CHIPS, % John Schaller, 530 N. Brainard, Naperville, Ill. 60540. A National High School Conference will be held in Chicago June 22 - 27 to discuss student unions. Priority issues will be the tracking system, racism, women's liberation, army indoctrination in schools, open admissions to colleges, and juvenile rights. Call Harrell, 526-6257.

Groovy apts for rent, \$95 - 105, plus utilities, 1 bedroom, 1828 W. Main, 529-7952.

Poems of the People is a press service (something like LNS) - it distributes poems, stories, reviews from the alternate culture to underground/movement papers all over the country, free. Work is invited. We depend on people who subscribe (\$5/12 monthly mailings) to support our free service to papers. Box 521, Quincy, Ill. 62301.

Need rider to Cape Cod, share driving, not necessarily gas. Leaving as soon as possible. 668-8408, Roger.

Mountain survival course: July 5 - 19, 1970; limited enrollment, intense session group-family teaching learning, no prerequisites or age limits, tuition \$100. For info write Adventure Trails Survival School, Laughing Coyote Mtn, Black Hawk, Colorado 80422.

We are a budding anti-pollution group: if you know where we can get a printing press or mimeo cheaply (second hand) call Teresa at 729-4307 or Jimmy at 667-1913.

Jeff please call your mother.

Are you kept from better jobs, pay, promotions because you're female? Help us and you. Call 748-0491 or write: NOW (Nat'l Org for Women), Box 384, Bellaire Tex 77401.

APHRA, first feminist literary magazine. Spring Issue: "The Woman as Artist" - now ready. Fiction, drama, poetry, criticism, sculpture. Subscription \$3.50/four issues. Back issues \$1 each. Send check or money order to APHRA, Box 355, Springtown, Penna 18081.

Needed: items for garage sale benefit for Pacifica at the Common Mkt June 14. If you have any clothes, furniture, books, toys, etc, to donate, call Carol [664-1838] soon.

Fatigue Press, the GI anti-war paper from Ft Hood Tex, is broke and needs financial support. Please send money, stamps or office supplies to: *Fatigue Press*, Box 388, Killeen Tx 76541.

STUDENTS! (minimum age 18) Help us spread love, happiness, understanding & knowledge throughout Texas. And get paid for it? You bet!! Must be neat appearance & outgoing. For interview call 526-2803.

Electric guitar for sale: Henry, 723-0547.

Space City Unclassifieds

For a free ad, fill out the form and mail to Space City! 1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit type ads.

FREE TO FOLKS (for now)

Space City! doesn't accept "sex ads". We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of human sexuality, especially that of women. (Not all of them are exploitative, of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't, and we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)

letters...

Cont. from 2

The fifth camp is the mirror image of the third — like their straight counterparts, they make no attempt to control their collective destiny. They don't even think about it. It's out of their sphere. I am talking about the hippies, druggies, street people, barefoot rock freaks, and other apathetics. At a certain time in their lives they perceived the awesomeness of the Machine and simply *stopped growing*. Their most courageous act was to remove themselves from it. They have no loyalty to it, but as long as no one tries to cut off their hair, turn off their music or take away their drugs, why, man, everything's cool. Work is a drag; unlike their counterparts, they don't define themselves in terms of their profession. But if the cops start ripping off their brothers at a rock concert, they just move closer to the stage and hope the pigs go away. They've discovered the moment, but lost the self-defined goal; in this, they've won an important battle, but lost the war. Thank Shiva we have more troops.

Gathering momentum on the downhill slide, we come to that huge group who are really into the cultural revolution, and have an understanding of politics as well: their capacity to act is still unfrozen. They live in cheap lofts, collectives, cheap apartments, usually very well-decorated: the walls are covered with posters. Always an Eldridge Cleaver, a Marlon Brando, and LSD. Or the Beatles, for those more pacifically inclined. Some do peripheral movement work, through they are struggling more with their own lives than anything else.

Getting really heavy now, we move into that hard core of rotten apples — what a metaphor — who are doing their best to... well, you know. Organize the revolution. This is a surprisingly heterogeneous group. You qualify for admission not by your cultural background, but by your apprehension of the overall situation and your readiness to deal with it. Here you'll find hairy anarchists, straight Marxists, hippies with brains soaked in acid (a few of them come across), MAYO, Women's Liberation, Free U people, underground newsfolk — organizers of every kind. Naturally there are vast internal disagreements, but everybody tries to pull together. Very developed characters abound.

That's the last of the subgroups, though perhaps I should mention camp 7 1/2 — this is composed of the small crew of psychotics who see the revolution not as a necessary exercise in human liberation but as a status-game — they continually play more-revolutionary-than-thou games with everybody, and shout "Right on!" at the drop of a hat. Harlan Ellison characterized them as stupid and evil, and I think this is an accurate characterization.

I'm writing this analysis for Space City! because I saw those two letters last issue, from John Carroll and Charlie Duncan. They cry for a comment, beyond that offered by the collective. I don't want to come down hard on anybody, or play ego-games (I'll leave it to PL to sneer "Petit-bourgeoise individualist!"), but John, this idealism stuff just eats shit. It's wholly characteristic of the upper-middle class, of all that is worst in the upper-middle class.

The thing about idealism is, it's always espoused by people who cannot face the true nature of a situation, who cannot descend into all the tortuous difficulties of dealing honestly with a situation;



rather than deal with the situation, with the stinking mess, as it really is, they fix their eye on a star, that's it — they fix their eyes on the stars and try to build a highway to the stars that carries them over the whole stinking mess. And because this approach is fundamentally dishonest, they must lose touch, forever, with some vital parts of their souls.

The German soul was in such a state of sour, sick turmoil after the first World War that the German people finally gave up the prospect of dealing honestly with themselves. They couldn't hack it. The Fatherland had been defeated. They sought salvation through a vision of themselves as the Master Race, the natural-born Aryan rulers of the world. Now: suppose for a minute that the Nazis had subdued the world. Established the Pax Germana everywhere. And about, say, half-a-century later the affluent German kids began to drop out. What form would their movement take? Probably it would be something very shallow. Because in the process of conquering the world, fueling the gas ovens with forty million Jew bodies, enslaving the blacks, and demoting the brown races to 'servant' status, the Aryan culture would have become less and less recognizable as human. Does this sound familiar?

The only way to gain access to the whole of your humanity, or at least to have the hope of gaining that access, is to participate in the liberation of the oppressed. And this involves *admitting* that your privilege is based on the subjection of others.

By this I do not mean that you should act out of guilt, that you should make the eradication of guilt your prime objective: this leads to all sorts of bad trips. Act out of the recognition that you cannot be humanly free until others are.

This JFK-Martin-Luther-King stuff appeals only to

kids whose souls are still in the deep-freeze, whose secret hope is to escape the hard imperatives of history.

This is not to say that we should deny our own needs, or put ourselves in the services of someone else's revolution. We are inventing our own culture, and we need it to sustain ourselves. But look: at one time I was a big booster of the goodvibes revolution, you know, turn on, tune in, drop out. It was certainly a humanly satisfying revolution, but by itself it wasn't enough. There comes a time when restricting yourself to the cultural revolution means that you must become a little blinder, a little more hard-hearted, and a little more insular. It's not enough.

So this is what I have to say to Charles Duncan: you say you don't like the idea of offing the pig without. Well, offing the pig without is a bad thing if you undertake it in a bad spirit, or before you're ready. Premature militancy generally appeals only to the *machismo* male-supremacist types: thus it is not honest militancy but something that grows from their sickness. But sooner or later you realize, in a wholly humane frame of mind, that the pig must be offed. And this is why I really can't respect the let's-go-out-and-live-in-nature types; their private revolution proceeded only a certain distance, then stopped — after that, they want to get away from it all.

That's all I have to say. I could take the collective to task for what I feel are minor dishonesties in their viewpoint, but it's not worth the trouble. Like they say, love and struggle.

A brother
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films

University of Houston Summer Film Series. Library Auditorium, Fridays 8 pm. \$.50.
 June 5 - Witchcraft Through the Ages (Swedish)
 June 12 - TEOREMA (Italy, Pasolini)
 June 19 - MADEMOISELLE (England, Richardson)

Jewish Community Center Films, Sundays & Wednesdays 8 pm, 5601 S. Braeswood. \$1.75. 729-3200.
 June 7 - EVENING WITH W. C. FIELDS
 June 14 - THE FIXER
 June 21 - IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT
 June 24 - INTOLERANCE (D.W. Griffith, 1916)

Oriental Film Series - North Main Theatre, 3730 N. Main, 7 & 9 pm, films in Chinese w/ English subtitles. 864-7117.

Alley's Second Summer Film Festival: June 16-21, Houston premiere of Ingmar Bergman's recent film THE RITUAL, screened at the following times (\$1.50):
 June 16, 17, 18, & 21 at 8:30 pm
 June 19 & 20 at 7:30 and 9:30 pm

Fellini's SATYRICON at the Delman, \$2.50 reserved, tickets good only for performance bought for.

ins / outs

To join the Family Food Co-op come to a gathering at the Lion's Eye, 4020 Austin, on Sunday June 7 at 1 pm.

PACIFICA BENEFIT GARAGE SALE - all day Sunday June 14 at the Common Market, 6116 SW Freeway. (If you can donate goodies, call Carol at 664-1838).

Houston Socialist Summer School. Every Fri in June & July at 8 pm, San Jac Rm at UH. Presentations etc.
 June 5 - Reform vs Revolutionary Socialism
 June 12 - Nationalist Revolutions & Self-Determination

Draft Counseling Courses on Thursdays, 1:30 - 3:30 pm for 8 weeks, Room 205 Religion Center at UH, taught by Don Eggert.

Monthly Meeting of the Houston Committee to End the War at 7:30 pm Friday June 5, YWCA, 1521 Texas.

Pollution workshops will be held by the San Jacinto TB Assn on June 8 & 9 at 6:30 pm in the Houston Rm at UH - the purpose will be to prepare for the up-coming June 23 Air Quality standards public hearing in Houston.

Folks are trying to get a SWITCHBOARD together for Houston. If you're interested in helping, see story on p. 28 and call us at 526-6257.

MAYO has opened the Northside Peoples Center, 1501 Brooks, to serve the surrounding chicano neighborhood with a children's breakfast program, cultural projects, job info, etc. They need material for the center (see story p. 5) and ideas from northside residents. 225-4300.

SPACE IN

RALLY AGAINST POLICE BRUTALITY AND REPRESSION - 3 pm, Sunday June 7, on the hill at Hermann Park. Sponsored by the Rainbow Coalition: People's Party II, John Brown Revolutionary League and Mexican-American Youth Organization.

Everybody's invited to a community tribal meeting on Monday June 8 at 8 pm at the Space City! office to rap about how the paper can better serve all of us and the possibility of going weekly (see story p. 10-11). DO IT!

MEDIA FREAKS! Space City! now has a regular weekly show on Pacifica radio KPFT-FM, 90.1, every Friday evening 7 - 7:30 pm. Though we won't always know in advance, and late breaking stuff might often pre-empt already planned shows, we'll try to give you previews of the two up-coming shows in each issue.

On Friday June 5, staffer Judy Fitzgerald raps with Jeff Gerth and Lee Davidson, movement journalists who recently hit Houston while on a whirlwind tour of American campuses. Gerth was at Kent State when the four students were shot and wrote the story that appeared in the May 9 Space City!

And Friday June 12, staffer Brian Baker talks with Rice ecologist Robert Eisenberg and others about Nature and Politics.

Space City	526-6257
Pacifica Radio (KPFT)	224-4000
ACLU	524-5925
Grape Boycott	227-7687
Veneral Disease Clinic	222-4201
(tests and treatment free) or	675-7584
HOPE Development	228-0711
Police	222-3131
Macrobiotics (Elizabeth Marsh)	528-6413
Problem Pregnancy Counseling	523-5354
Houston Draft Counseling Service	526-6258
Planned Parenthood	523-7419
(Birth control, free pregnancy tests)	
Family Hand Restaurant	528-8306
Family Food Co-op	522-5282
Northside People's Center	225-4300
University of Thought	526-1829

rock

JIMI HENDRIX plays at the Coliseum June 6 at 8 pm, tickets \$4, \$5, & \$6.

The third annual HOUSTON BLUES CONCERT will be at the Jewish Community Center on Saturday June 6 at 8 pm, 5601 S. Braeswood, featuring little known local blues performers including "little Jimmy" Reed, Mabel Franklin, and John Lomax. \$2.

SLY & THE FAMILY STONE at the Coliseum June 13 at 8:30 pm, tickets \$4-5-6 at Brook Mays.

ATLANTA COSMIC CARNIVAL at the Atlanta Braves Stadium on Saturday June 13, 10am - midnight, with Traffic, Ten Years After, Mothers of Invention, Ike & Tina Turner, It's A Beautiful Day, Allman Brothers, and Albert King. Tickets \$3 - \$7 from Aftermath, Box 4062, Atlanta, Ga.

Steve Winwood & Traffic, Leslie West and Mountain play at the Hofheinz Pavilion at UH on June 25.

RAY CHARLES at Jones Hall, June 27, tickets \$3-4-5-6 at Brook Mays & Houston Ticket Service.

According to manager Mike Harvey, Love Street has closed down, at least temporarily.

Houston Symphony Orchestra plays at Miller Theatre in Hermann Park every Sun, Tues, & Thurs at 8:15 pm starting June 7. FREE!

FIRE, John Roe's play on self-alienation, is presented by Playwrights Showcase on June 5, 6, 12 & 13 at 9 pm at Autry House, 6265 S. Main.

"The Adventures of Winnie-The-Pooh" opens at the Alley on June 12 at 7:30 pm. Performances for two weeks at 2 pm Tues - Fri, and 11am and 2 pm Saturdays. \$1.50 children, \$2.50 adults (522-1045).

tv

June 9, Ch 8, 7:30 pm: "A New Wind" - About the Baha'i Faith, focusing on the World Centre and three widely separated communities of this world-wide faith.

June 11, Ch 8, 10 pm: The Film Generation on War - featuring "The Desert" - "Opus 007" - and "Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge."

June 14, Ch 2, 5 pm: IDEAS IN FOCUS, panel discussion on "Does the Constitution protest several kinds of Civil Disobedience?"

Chicago Conspiracy stars and Charles Garry, lawyer for the Black Panther Party, will be heard on Pacifica on successive Thursdays in June, 9-10 am. Tom Hayden on June 11, Abbie Hoffman on June 18, and Garry June 25.

"The tragical History of Lee Otis Johnson" will be repeated on Pacifica on Friday June 5 at 7:30 - 8:30 pm.

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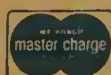
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gettin it together ...

The People's Park 11 struggle at the University of Houston in April might have been the beginning of a revolutionary ecology movement in Houston. We made lots of mistakes. We lost the battle to save the trees, but we learned some important things about how power is used, about the politics of ecology, and about how we'll have to fight if life is going to survive at all on this planet. But this beginning will only be important if we use what we learned to create new communal, eco-viable ways of organizing our lives and to resist the System.

Environmental rape is not only taking place on the UH campus, but it's going on all over Houston. A freeway has been planned right smack through the Montrose community and whole blocks will be flattened. The U of H, on its way toward becoming a technological research center, is expanding into the black community of Third Ward, putting up plastic tickytackies for the technocrats.

The people don't need any new buildings; we're not even using what we have properly. Progress no longer means growth. We have to begin to use available land to produce food and create parks. Communal ways of organizing our lives help to cut down on consumption, to provide for basic human needs more efficiently, to support ourselves and overcome the insanity of atomized living.

Communalism means being able to do things better and being able to keep on doing them better. So long as we're scattered and isolated from one another, we constitute little threat to them and no hope for us. Alone, we can be picked off one by one like the Jews in Hitler's Germany, and alone we surely will be. Together we can change our pipe dreams into the beginnings of a new society.

During the past year there has been much community organizing in Houston, with the biggest efforts coming from the Wel-

fare Rights Organization, tenants unions and rent strikes at two black apartment complexes, and MAYO's seizure of Christ Presbyterian Church to serve as a community center for the surrounding neighborhood. These groups, along with food co-ops and other neighborhood people's projects, must fight to create an environment which serves the needs of the people, not the downtown business interests or the university's corporate needs. The scale of organizing units must be our homes, our blocks and our neighborhood.

Although many of the ideas in this supplement are nothing new in many parts of the country, we hope to give sisters and brothers in Houston a look at what's possible for a community, to provide them with the beginnings of a resource handbook, and to provoke new ideas. Most of the articles were written by members of the Canyon Collective (Canyon, Ca 94516), who publish an outsite monthly magazine called *Vocations for Social Change*. We had originally planned on including Canyon's 24-page survival supplement in this issue, but printing costs were prohibitive. Instead, we're reprinting portions of the supplement now and will use the remainder plus other good articles culled from there and here in a continuing column. We hope to run a regular survival page with information on free and 'serve-the-people' schools, media, arts, self-defense, child-care etc. But we need some feed-back and substance for the articles if they are to really serve the people. Anyone who knows of available free stuff should call us so we can pass the word along. A job co-op is desperately needed. Let us know about cheap apartments for folks to rent. The summer has already started, and so little has been done.

Start getting it together with your sisters and brothers. When you've got yourselves together in a GROUP, avail yourselves of the resources. If we are going to survive, we will have to begin taking control of the resources and using them for human needs, not profit. And they just ain't gonna let us take it. We've gotta fight for it.

SPACE CITY! / 2

survive

once upon a

There was a town called Centerville, and it was medium-sized. Like most other towns, Centerville had government offices, business offices, stores and factories, a daily newspaper (two editions), radio and t.v. stations and schools. There was a university too, and nearby, a military base.

And there were a hundred thousand people who lived and worked in Centerville. Quite a few of them — a sizeable minority — were Blacks and Chicanos and poor white people who lived in the shadows of the factories where they labored. The slums were like a network of secret worlds that some inhabitants of Centerville never saw. Food cost more and the crime rate was higher, so most people didn't go there unless they had to.

There were schools where the children of every family went to learn. Some were in the slums, and some were in the nicer parts of town. In the schools, children learned what they wanted to do in life. In poor neighborhoods boy children learned shop and auto mechanics (girls took home economics and typing), and in other neighborhoods boy children learned math and sciences (girls took home economics and typing, and English). Most children went to school six hours a day and did what their teachers told them to, or spent all their time trying not to get caught breaking rules.

In almost every house where the children went home after school there was a mother, unless she had to work. Mothers always came home eventually and cared for their children and husbands. They cooked and cleaned and made everyone happy. On Sunday, many families went to church.

And those were the people who made Centerville their home, who lived in the houses all over town, went to the schools, worked in the factories, bought in the stores and watched t.v., and sometimes read the papers. Except of course for the people who owned the stores and factories, published the newspaper, owned the apartment houses, got elected to school boards (and other, more weighty offices like mayor and police chief). Those people were mostly men with white skins and well-lined pockets.

Other men like them were doctors

and lawyers and professors at the university, where quite a few out-of-towners lived during the four years of higher education. There were a couple of other communities whose residents, like the students, weren't exactly permanent either. The men on the army base came and went, and Centerville's youngest community, a fringe of hippies, was filled with people who were just passing through, or temporarily stuck in town. Some of them intended to stay. Businessmen and students didn't mind that, but most of the other people in town wished they wouldn't.

Some of the people in Centerville were bored, confused; some felt hungry or had no time to figure out how they felt. Others were frustrated. A few were rich. It was a town, like others, with a lot of problems. During the spring of 1970 when Centerville discovered it was part of a country involved in at least one war that had never been written up in the papers or broadcast over the news, each person already had enough troubles of his own.

bad times

The cost of living was going up and so was the unemployment rate. Men worked overtime to provide for their families, growing weary over faulty machinery which often came crashing down on their hands. Women workers were being paid less than men for the same work. The slums were gritty and rat-infested, and the plumbing didn't work. Parents grew angry when their children were put on half-day shifts in the crowded schools and still sat in classes of forty. Boys in high school faced the draft on turning eighteen and didn't know what to do about serving in an army that was already fighting one illegal war in Viet Nam. Many university students faced the same problem, and so felt uncomfortable about R.O.T.C. on campus, and the large defense and research contracts which the university received from the military and industries.

A few faculty members shared these worries but didn't know what to do about it. They let the students use their mimeograph machines, on a sign-up basis. The president of the university thought a lot about integrity because he was a professional, and the board of trustees thought about pro-



Photo by Steve Rose/LNS

fits, because they were nearly all businessmen. On the military base, there were some draftees and some enlistees who didn't want to die in an illegal war, and those who were learning skills found they couldn't use them as they wanted. Hippies had dope busts, the draft, bad acid — and smack to worry about.

And the businessmen downtown in the office buildings were worried about profits, and the local politicians wanted to get re-elected. So everyone had a lot to worry about, even before Cambodia.

But even before Cambodia some of the people of Centerville had been trying to solve the problems that created the invasion of Cambodia as well as other injustices.

A few years back, a couple of medical students from the university decided they wanted to start a free clinic. The university was edged on one side by a slum, and as they walked to and from classes the young medical students got a good view of the unsanitary conditions about which professors lectured. Two of them, Stephanie and Michael, thought about doing a good turn for the poor people, and it didn't take them long to arouse the sympathy of other students. Soon

they had collected medicines, and had rented a store front. A liberal-minded professor was glad to donate his medical guidance, and they got donations from prominent businessmen to keep their free clinic running.

freak times

At about the same time four friends at the university started an underground paper. They called it *The Freak Times*. It was easy to support the paper by taking on a lot of advertising from the semi-hip clothing stores that ringed the campus, and the skin-flick theater whose ads almost always showed nude women. *The Freak Times* ran articles on rock music, drugs, macrobiotic cooking and occasionally an editorial on something that had happened at the university. There were two editors and several other people who helped make staff decisions, but most of the contributors had nothing to do with helping decide what went into the paper.

In June of 1968, Danny, who wrote for *The Freak Times* once in awhile, decided to trace the sources of heroin and speed, which some of his friends had started taking. He wanted to write

an article. Right away he discovered that the smack and speed came from the slums that edged the campus. In search of more information, he went over to the free clinic, and there he had a talk with Stephanie and Mike. They didn't know too much about it because it turned out that the only people who used the clinic were hippies who lived nearby. Sometimes they had trouble with the acid and mescaline they took, but most of them weren't into hard drugs. None of the black and brown and poor white people for whom the clinic had been intended came to use it, and the medical students felt they had failed.

clinic meeting

Not too long ago Mary, one of the black women in the community, had come to the medical students and asked them to name a time for a community meeting where everyone could come and talk about the clinic and the people who lived around it. That sounded like an important meeting to Danny, so he and Sharon (who had written a long article on women's liberation which *The Freak Times* had not used) decided to do a story on the clinic.

The night of the meeting the clinic was filled with a strange assortment of people. Besides Stephanie and Michael and the other med students, Mary was there, and two Black Panthers, some Brown Berets, people from the neighborhood and some of the hippies who used the clinic. No one felt very friendly.

Mary began by explaining what bothered her about the clinic. She said that people living nearby couldn't figure out what students were doing in their ghetto building a clinic. They didn't understand the technical language used to explain their illnesses to them; sometimes no explanation was given. And they didn't get along with the hippies; when hippies started using the clinic a lot, other people got turned off.

The Panthers and Berets thought the clinic should serve *all* the people, but the medical students had such a patronizing attitude that no one wanted to use it. It was basically racist, they explained, to come into an area and give people a service they didn't understand, telling them what was best and expecting them to ask no questions. They made no attempt to teach medical skills to the people who came to them with ailments, so that the poor people remained dependent on the educated white people's knowledge.

No one seemed concerned with preventing the ills they were trying to deal with — people were in need of better nutrition, and many children got sick from lead in the wall paint of houses. They explained that all the people who use the clinic should understand how it works, and use their own ideas for keeping the building in good order. They felt that anything less than that would be racist, and added that if the clinic couldn't be changed to meet the real needs of the people, they planned to build and operate one of their own.

The students were stunned. Never had it occurred to them that the neighborhood people were capable of taking care of their own needs, or of understanding and improving the operation of the clinic.

Then Jared stood up. He was a hippie who lived in a commune several blocks away on the edge of the hip community. He suggested that the best way to start would be with a community bulletin board where people could lay their trips on other people.

missionaries

Someone got mad at Jared and said he and his kind were living off the ghetto community and had no business being there. One of the Black Panthers, Reggie, said he thought it was important to accept and deal with all people who could be trusted, regardless of the color of their skin or their background. But the people who came into the slums from outside would have to prove that they could be trusted; and acting like missionaries, living there without understanding and respecting the residents, were not actions leading to trust. He asked people who couldn't respect the community already there to get out.

Stephanie asked Reggie what he expected from people. He answered that the only way to make the clinic work



was to turn it over to the people, letting them decide the hours and opening all jobs to them. People who used the place should help keep it clean; local people could be trained as aides and lab assistants, receptionists and medical secretaries. Mary suggested that people could form groups to learn about better nutrition and how to control rats and other disease-producing parts of the environment.

Michael had been thinking; he was worried. Up till now the clinic had existed out of the good will of a few liberals. He knew the way these people thought, and he was pretty sure the clinic would soon lose its financial support. "What do we do about money?" he asked.

One way to get money, explained Reggie, is to get local merchants to contribute some. That didn't sound to many people like it would work, but Reggie continued — when people buy in a store they should make it clear they will stop using it unless the merchant put some of his money

when Sharon and Danny suggested these changes, but it was too late in the year to do anything. They planned to begin working as a collective when they returned in the fall. Some of the staff spent the summer in Centerville, getting further into the community that they had never really known.

By fall the clinic was being staffed and run by people in the community. Med students gave classes in first aid and nutrition and performed services which couldn't legally be done by others. A black doctor, tired of waiting on people with headaches in the suburbs, had taken on the guidance of the operation. Everyone in the neighborhood used the clinic. A new paper began, run collectively. The first issue of *The Centerville Troll* ran two important articles, one of them on the people's clinic, and one on the artists' co-op Jared had started.

After a few alternatives grew up, people had something to measure their lives against. When they saw how the free clinic worked, they began to



"ABNORMALLY HIGH SURFACE TEMPERATURES... INDUSTRIAL TOXINS CIRCULATING THROUGHOUT THE BIOSPHERE... DEFINITE SIGNS OF A MALIGNANT MACHINE TECHNOLOGY GROWING UNCONTROLLABLY! IT'S A CLASSIC CASE OF TERMINAL CIVILIZATION! THE FIRST PLANET I'VE EVER SEEN WITH THE AFFLICTION...."

RCOBB

back into the community. In return for his contribution, the merchant could have use of the clinic too.

After the meeting Danny and Sharon had a lot of thinking to do. They wondered how most students fit into the community project that seemed to be developing. Stephanie told them to come over and talk about it later.

Both Sharon and Danny lived in dorms on the campus, but Stephanie lived in a house a few blocks from the clinic. The houses there were similar to the slum-dwellings, but they were kept in better repair. But the landlords were getting to be less and less concerned about making repairs, and it seemed like just a matter of time until many students would be living in a slum too. Stephanie told them that in one sense at least, the students who lived off campus were part of the neighborhood. Sharon explained that *The Freak Times* related only to the paraphernalia of students — dope and music and clothing — and didn't deal with some real problems.

alternatives

Stephanie suggested that maybe it would be possible to form a staff collective. That way decisions would no longer be made by only one or two people. Everyone would have a good sense of the financial state of the paper and how to deal with the printer. All the paste-up skills would be shared, and everyone would do a little shitwork.

The staff of the paper was excited

criticize the hospitals; you could read things in *The Troll* which the big downtown newspapers ignored. Eventually things like People's Park in Berkeley, the taking of a church in Houston by MAYO and the Indians' occupation of Alcatraz got to the people of Centerville and helped them realize that their town was not the only place folks were taking over land and institutions and putting them to good use.

tenants' union

Some who were involved with the clinic started a tenants' union to keep the slum-lords from charging sky-high rents and not making repairs. A couple of years earlier the Black Student Union had asked the university to set up an ethnic studies department, but the university had refused to do it. Quite a few of the black and chicano students had dropped out of school and gone back to their communities to work on schools of their own and other programs, like Breakfast For Children. Eventually they helped younger blacks and chicanos form demands for an ethnic studies department that the university was forced to meet.

Women began to meet together — first only students, then faculty members and "faculty wives" and soon women who weren't connected with the university; groups of women were meeting all over town and talking about their employment problems, as well as the frustration of living and working with men. Some of them set

up a child care center, and students asked the university to start providing birth control. A drive began to repeal the state abortion law.

Research collectives formed at the university, and soon there were short publications on the school's involvement with defense contracts. Students who weren't used to doing anything besides reading read them and got angry at their school for its involvement with the invasion of Southeast Asia. One target for their anger was the R.O.T.C. building, where some of them started a vigil with the idea of forcing the military to withdraw from the campus. It didn't work, and several months later the building was blown up. A few graduates started a G.I. coffee house where soldiers could get together off base, and not long after that the G.I.s started their own underground paper.

problems

Some high school students also began an underground, and planned on holding a free school that summer where they could teach each other skills. They went home and talked with their parents, and very often argued over what the world was all about. Some parents listened, and some didn't.

There were terrible fights between groups with different ideas on how to make changes. Ideas dissolved, months of work might come to nothing; friends would stop speaking to each other. And that was what it was like most of the time. Only rarely did something as beautiful as the free clinic grow, but when that happened enough energy was generated to start ten new ideas going, and if nine of them failed, the tenth might succeed. Nothing happened overnight.

Then there were the problems from outside. . . some people like the businessmen and the mayor and the university president tried to take over what was happening and make it their own. They didn't want things to get out of hand, so they made lots of money from rock concerts, started youth opportunity projects, and, when the students took over the R.O.T.C. building, the president spent the night there too, talking with them. But somehow, these men never sounded quite sincere enough to convince everybody — they wouldn't give up anything that was theirs in order to make change possible.

And the businessmen and politicians had more vivid ways of making themselves felt. During the spring of 1969 three G.I.s were thrown in the brig. . . they had been coordinating the G.I. underground. When blacks and chicanos sat in the president's office demanding an ethnic studies department, a lot of police were ordered on campus. They clubbed some of the students, maced others and made arrests.

Quite a few of the students took to their heels, and the police followed them; but when they couldn't find them in the street, they entered the free clinic and searched it, throwing equipment on the floor and roughing up a couple of the workers.

Some people knew then that they would have to start teaching each other self defense, and the free clinic began to work on mobile units that could go out on the streets and help wounded people; they also began to decentralize their supplies and equipment. Some grad students in chemistry began to search for antidotes to tear gas and mace. And out of the confrontation grew a legal defense fund to help those who got arrested.

The powers-that-were had another way of trying to stop people. Special agents found out what was happening; sometimes they planted dope and people got busted that way. And once the Black Panther Headquarters was partially destroyed by a firebomb planted inside the house.

self defense

But everyone had learned a special lesson from the hippies — the closer they lived, the more hard work they did with each other, the more hazardous it was for agents to try to infiltrate. The first step in self-defense was for people to use their minds and hearts to try to understand those around them.

It is hard to say what was already going on when people discovered Cambodia, and what grew out of the con-

Cont. next page

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cern this new development in Southeast Asia aroused; and when the United States invaded Laos, not long after, it became even more obvious that all the movement for change was not a reaction to one specific event. During the spring of 1970 there was a strike at Centerville University. Collectives of all kinds were quickly formed to print posters and leaflets, organize rallies and teach-ins, feed the people

who came to the gatherings, communicate with other towns across the country and help people who were hurt in confrontations with the police. Groups that had already been working in the community around the campus had a lot to teach the students.

Life was changing even faster than before, and who knew what fall would bring? So the people worked as hard as they could, and taught each other. . .

food buying clubs

Many people are becoming involved in supplying their own food for themselves and thereby boycotting the large chain stores such as Safeway, Weingarten's, Kroger, etc. In different places different forms are used to avoid the middle agent who is responsible for much of the mark-up of prices.

The Berkeley Food Conspiracy has been operating since the fall of 1969; it started with a small group of neighbors getting together to buy produce and now has grown to 2,000 people who are buying produce, cheese, dry goods, meat, fish, eggs, and poultry. The structure of the conspiracy is set up geographically with small neighborhood groups and larger area groups. These area groups combine with each other to form the Berkeley Food Conspiracy. Not only has the Conspiracy grown within Berkeley, but the idea has spread. Oakland, Canyon, San Francisco, San Jose, Santa Barbara, Concord, and Portland have functioning conspiracies or ones in the formative stage.

The generalization that make the base of the conspiracy are 1) no one is to make a profit, 2) the work will be shared by everyone, 3) everyone has a responsibility to be involved in the decision making, 4) the neighborhood is the basic unit of the structure, 5) the food should be as chemically free as possible, 6) the conspiracy in form and content should not be isolated from the rest of our lives. With this basis, the Food Conspiracy can be considered an alternative to the way "business as usual" is conducted.

The exact way that a conspiracy could operate is determined by many things: where your sources are, time available to people, size of community, permanence of community, etc. The following is a description of how certain items are purchased and distributed in the Berkeley Food Conspiracy. This operation contains the basic things that have to be done for any item; but the exact procedure will vary a little with each.

Food is ordered on Saturday and picked up on the next Tuesday. Some conspiracies have created special kitties where everyone pays a certain amount to meet the cost of the bulk order, and then people pay for each order when they pick it up (to replenish the kitty). Other conspiracies have people prepay their orders and issue script. Each month one conspiracy

takes responsibility for one of the main items, meat, fish, eggs, or poultry. On Saturday, all the orders from an area are turned in to the people who are collecting and collating the orders for the whole Conspiracy. For convenience all the orders are turned in to the collection people at a central location at a prearranged time. The orders must be collated in time for the items to be ordered, purchased, and brought to Berkeley Tuesday afternoon. They are brought to a central location, one that has some type of refrigeration for the eggs and freezer for the meat, fish, and poultry. On Tuesday night, people from the area groups come, pick up their orders, and take them back to the area for individual distribution that night or the next morning.

The equipment needed are trucks, refrigerators, freezer (both stable and portable), a central storage place (garage, basement, back room) and accurate scales. The tasks that need to be done are collecting and collating the orders, picking up the food from the source, weighing and distributing in both the central and area location.

An important thing is to keep the overhead low. Always scrounge the material and equipment that you need. Never pay for what you can get for nothing. Scales can be bought at thrift stores. Stores that go out of business sometimes sell their equipment very cheaply. Do not rent space that can be donated. Instead of using commercial labor try to get someone in the conspiracy with the skill to do it. There must be some way of transmitting and exchanging information and complaints. There should be meetings that occur regularly. These meetings should happen at all levels of organization, the neighborhood, the area, and the whole Food Conspiracy. Try to keep the meetings open and democratic; making decisions by consensus, while it takes more time, is the best way to insure a democratic process. Price lists should be given to everyone in the food conspiracy. An up to date list of coordinators should be well distributed.

As a conspiracy grows there may be a need for a newsletter. This newsletter can only act as an internal communication organ, but it can also contain enough basic information to orient any potential member. The task of doing the newsletter can be rotated among area groups; the cost be met by everyone.



Photo by Alan Gotkin/Fifth Estate/LNS

All the money that passes through the Conspiracy should be recorded as well as what it was spent for. This will help insure the financial stability of the conspiracy. If you know how much "money" you represent it will be easier to talk business with potential sources who otherwise may consider you a bunch of idiots.

If you are in an area where food stamps are available it may be hard for the recipients to buy through a conspiracy unless someone (the manager) becomes authorized to redeem food stamps for cash. This has been done in Canyon. You should check your local requirements.

Keep the prices down, be democratic, (this is fun in case you have never functioned in a democratic process) and try not to serve only white middle class college students.

self-production

Self-production is another way to help satisfy the food needs of your community. People in Boston and in Arcata, California, have had farm land donated to them for use in organic farming. People in Eugene have 30

acres that was donated for people to farm. In the San Francisco Bay area, people are taking down fences and making block gardens. People in Santa Barbara and in Eugene have made arrangements with farmers to pick the part of the crop that would be wasted because of market demands, for free. People are trying to get communes and any one else with land to make it productive.

People in Oakland were able to get some commercial baking equipment given to them. They will let anyone come in and bake bread on the equipment as long as it is not sold after it is made. People who bake are to pay the cost of supplies. Other people in the Bay area are setting up a fishing co-op that will sell fish to the food conspiracies and other such groups at 30% or 40% below retail cost.

The ways of providing food to people at low costs are as numerous as your imagination. Whether a food conspiracy, a co-op, or a self-production process, you should feel as a person from Eugene said, "As long as there is one hungry person in Lane County, the co-op is a failure." Good food for the people and by the people is what it is all about.

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houston food co-op

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By buying food directly from farmers, from the farmers market, and from wholesalers, and by distributing it collectively, we have cut our food prices in half and have built an essential 'serve-the-people' organization. Produce prices vary (potatoes about 8 cents lb, onions 8 cents, lettuce 12 cents a head, oranges 10 cents lb, tomatoes 8 - 25 cents lb). The produce is fresher. Bread is day-old bought Saturday and yours on Sunday. Eggs are much, much cheaper and fresher. Milk is about 79 cents a gallon for 2 percent (we need a new milk supplier). Canned goods are less than wholesale. And meat is whatever we can score a steer for.

The Co-op got started last Christmas and had about 35 families, who tried to share work collectively. A month ago the Co-op decided to stop for about a month and reorganize, partly because the "chairman" decided that she was spending too much time on it and some other members weren't helping at all. We have since decided to ask all members to join one of about five work committees which will rotate specific buying, selling or transporting jobs.

The Co-op exists for three main reasons: cheap food, good food, and community. Perhaps the motto of the Co-op should be: "We are what we eat; we feed on one another." If you can dig it, we'll be meeting at a new head shop called the Lion's Eye, 4020 Austin at Cleburne, on Sunday, June 9 at 1 p.m. to get it together. We'll order this Sunday and pick up the food next week. We have refrigerators, freezers, trucks and lots of beautiful people. (If you can't make the meeting, call Lynn Eubanks at 522-5282 after Sunday for info.) Join us! — Cody

land

Older European rural and urban communities were built quite differently from our modern city grids. They consisted of clusters of dwellings huddled together around dips and rises in the landscape, which were often left as open space and used communally for plazas, parks, markets, or gardens.

Only incidentally is this space a transportation center, since going THROUGH the neighborhood to get "somewhere else" was not regarded as more important than the life functions happening right then and there.

All land in Berkeley is treated purely as a marketable commodity. Space is parcelled into neat consumer packages. In between rows of land parcels are transportation "corridors" to keep people flowing from workplace to market. Fifty per cent of the open space in Berkeley is devoted to the private automobile, and all planning about streets assumes that the private car will forever remain the dominant form of transportation in our community.

What has happened to US? Why do we have such difficulty in keeping together and protecting neighborhoods, communities, COMMUNAL SPACE? It is because the "efficiency" of a consumer society depends upon neat distinctions between public and private space, between home, job and market. The more separate we become, the more the economy "grows", and vice versa. This is "Progress."

BACKYARDS AND SIDEYARDS

If backyard and sideyard fences were dismantled, the interior of a whole block could become a park or garden. A backyard area formerly used as a parking lot might be best covered over

with wood chips as a play equipment area; other less compacted grass-covered areas would be more easily cultivated as vegetable gardens.

Darrell Hawthorne of People's Architecture is doing exciting work on play equipment made from recycled materials; he has drawings and ideas to share.

Some garages which lie one behind the other could have the roofs extended so as to join the two, and the result utilized as a communal carpool reserve car "barn" to store unused vehicles. Other garages could be dismantled and the structural materials used to build an interhouse bridgeway (see below), a tool shed, or, with wood from two or three dismantled garages, a daycare shelter.

VACANT LOTS

If your neighbors aren't ready to tear down their backyard fences yet, one way to start neighborhood development of communal space is on a vacant lot. All of the things we've suggested for the backyard might be done on a lot. The next logical step would be to try to integrate this public space into "private" space by tearing down an intervening fence, and letting things develop from there.

STREETS

Berkeley could function very well with half the streets closed off. This would stimulate collective transportation experiments, further cutting down traffic on residential streets (see Transportation Section). It would free TEN TIMES MORE land area for public use than we now have in park acreage. Intersections could become parks, gardens, plazas, with the paving material recovered and used to make artificial hills. Plazas in Europe serve as outdoor theatres and concert "halls," and as meeting places for action. Portable vegetable markets also set up shop in them two or three times a week. We could add flea markets, daycare centers, and frisbee festivals to the list.

This all points to some suggestive uses which would face these plazas. Corner older, larger, more solid buildings which are subdivided, and which bring the land income that he hasn't sold them yet to T

We offer the following idea: Corner student and drop-out population which initiate communal experimenting, possibly other space as a neighborhood Life House (Services Section). If the plaza were closed off, then the Life House on the corner could store portable structures for a market, or other plaza-related things. The choice of what to close in a given neighborhood might be determined by the corner house situation.

Once we begin to close streets at one end, we can move more safely in front of houses, block by block, until the whole street is closed. Stoop-sitting can become a lively way of life.

People's Architecture would be glad to help you, tenants, food conspirators, and others, to modify their interior and exterior space. We can help people check out what groups are doing in their neighborhood, so that we might work together for a concentration of together folks.

We will have maps of food conspiracies, strikers in our office, and you are free to use the pattern of your neighborhood.

We hope to meet with BTU organizers to help them facilitate their thing. BTU, this means collectives established. The present structure of the landlord-collective space-as-commodity system under which we live is rent and bargain.

A revolutionary Berkeley should be able to free collectives to free, co-operative neighborhoods.

shelter

The organization of most of our living space is based on assumptions which don't relate to our community. Partitions are arranged so that people won't interfere with one another, so that we can proceed with our private existences in order to produce and consume more efficiently. Intercourse of all varieties is discouraged. Rooms have well-defined functions which reflect the fragmentation of our lives. Nuclear families are still assumed to be the common living arrangement.

In contrast, our needs are for space arranged to encourage communalism and break down privatization. Multi-purpose rooms are more efficient in saving space, and can help to spatially integrate our lives. With women's liberation, and a new communal morality the nuclear family is becoming obsolete. And even where they remain families often live together in communes rather than in separate homes. Floor plans and housing arrangements don't develop in isolation, they reflect the spirit of the society, and the spirit of Free Berkeley is far different than that of Amerika.

We can begin to reorder the construction of space itself. Ticky-tackies have anywhere from four to twelve tiny kitchens, none adequate, all cramped. There is no reason why some of these cannot be eliminated in a communal situation while others are enlarged and put to more intensive use. Other kitchens can be turned over to special needs such as kiln rooms, bakeries, and canning factories when the communal gardens are harvested. Shared storage pantries can easily be established. Thus, kitchens can return to more social conditions by being larger, more traveled, with easier access. The bathroom has communal possibilities too.

TO SURVIVE WE MUST FIGHT

To recapture the hallways and to break up their monotony, party walls can be relocated or removed (within reason). This new space can be added to existing rooms or pieces of it can be used as storage areas and darkrooms.

Within the old Berkeley flat, walls can be remodeled to increase space and access to space. Larger rooms mean more interaction — such as communal dining rooms, meeting spaces and work areas. Sleeping areas can be arranged in alcoves around the edges of the larger spaces or made communal by concentrating them within the large room.

Basements can house the heavy machines of noisy cottage and barter industry, hydroponic food growing and storage areas for recyclable waste.

The exterior upper walls and the roof of your house can be turned into communicating links with neighboring houses as well as providing space for gardens and social areas. Gratings can be taken off balconies and they can be reinforced and connected. Bridgeways can connect buildings at the second and third stories. We can live in the outdoors much more than we do.

A platform "bridgeway" between two houses would open up a lot of space use possibilities, breaking down the strict division between indoor and outdoor space. If desired, the ground underneath could be covered with discarded bricks, concrete, gravel, wood chips, etc., to form a dry and/or hard surface for a picnic table, tool storage bin, rainy day children's outdoor play area, car/bike port. Platforms could be suspended from chains, or supported from below with beams from dismantled buildings, railroad ties, etc. Driftwood recovered from the Bay is nice building material too.

Ceilings can be opened up to turn our caves into something a little more cathedral-like, and walls can be altered too, but we strongly urge that you consult People's Architecture (849-2577) or someone else with structural knowledge before you undertake too much and have no house at all.

People's Architecture is located at 1940 B Anita, Berkeley, Ca. 94705 (phone 415-849-2577). Local architects who are into city survival and guerrilla design are: Southcoast, 804 Kipling, Houston 77006 (phone 528-0730 or 665-1248). Watch for a far-out couple of pages from Southcoast soon in Space City!

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transportation

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The automotive-oil-steel-rubber related industries represent the essence of American capitalism. Planned obsolescence, pollution, exploitation, smog, tire dust, noise pollution, social disintegration, are all related to the automotive transportation system. The stop-gap solutions the system offers are a shuck. Clean cars, mass transportation, lead-free gas, industrial pollution control won't work. We must begin to question a society that necessitates this sort of transportation system.

Communal forms are essential for reducing our dependence on the automobile and the system it represents. As we begin to live and work in our communities, our needs to travel will decline. Get together with people in your building, your block, and your neighborhood. Try and localize as much of your living as you can.

Begin to think about working in your community. Make group arrangements to go shopping, to go to the laundry and to work. When you go some place, make sure your car is full. Then, begin to make communal decisions about your vans and cars. First, pool your cars and see what's available. You should find that your group doesn't need a third of what it owns. Sell the surplus and use the money to repair the remaining cars and to create local jobs for yourselves.

Along with the communalization of cars, we have to start communalizing their upkeep. The bloodsuckers from Detroit make more money on repairs because of planned obsolescence than on the actual sale of autos. Furthermore, since it is ecologically disastrous to produce any more cars, we're going to have to get the most out of the ones we have. Cars that are operating poorly cause more pollution than cars in good repair. While organizing your commune, landlord collective, block or whatever, find out who the mechanics are. Make arrangements with them to take care of the cars in return for services other members of your group have. There has also been talk of forming a mechanics' collective to service the whole community. At the community level, there is another possibility. We can form an expanded Taxi Unlimited by using several big checker cabs or vans. These cabs could continuously travel the most heavily used circuits in Berkeley. They could be waved down to pick you up at any point and could drop you off wherever you wanted along the route. The fare would be five or ten cents, depending on costs, regardless of how far you rode.

The best solution is to stop driving altogether. Walk or use a bike. If the distance is too great, hitch. To facilitate this we ought to begin organizing efficient hitching systems in Berkeley. As it is now, certain corners—Tele and Ashby, for instance—are already well known. But we ought to establish well identified hitching posts where people would make it a point to drive by and pick up their sisters and brothers.

To create hitching posts, people should bring in maps of their hitching patterns to People's Architecture. They will then try to establish the best and most frequently used spots for posts. Bulletin boards, with hitching maps and reusable hitching signs, can be put at these points and mutual arrangements would be made to regularize rides among people going the same way at the same time.

food stamps

If you are on State Welfare, you are automatically eligible to buy food stamps. But, if not, you might still be eligible. You can find this out by first comparing your monthly income with the *Table of Maximum Monthly Incomes* shown below, and then checking the list of *permissible resources* to see that you don't have any more resources than you are allowed.

Table of Maximum Monthly Incomes

No. of people in household . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Max. monthly income	\$125	170	190	210	230	250	270	290	310	330

[For more than 10 people add \$15 for each person]

If your monthly income is not any higher than the maximum listed for the size of you household, and you don't have too many resources, you can buy food stamps.

And even if your monthly income is higher than the maximum listed, you may be eligible, because in many cases, a part of your actual monthly income is not counted when you figure the maximum income allowed for food stamps.

Some of the types of income that are excludable are:

- 1) all income for students under 21
- 2) loans and grants from OEO
- 3) the first \$85 for people working in schools who receive money from the US Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965
- 4) payments from Manpower Development Training Act
- 5) many payments from Job Corps, Work Study and Community Action Programs, plus deductions for special costs at work.

Also, some hardship expenses can be subtracted from your income before checking the income table. Examples are continued or abnormal medical expenses, health insurance and medicare payments, child care expenses, and rent and utility costs which exceed 30 percent of your income.

Permissible resources are things that you have a right to own in addition to the maximum monthly income, without being considered too rich for food stamps. Some of these are a house, a truck, a car, two horses, a buggy and lots of other funny things that are "practically useful and contribute to a satisfying life" (TV, washing machine, furniture, etc.). You can have tools of your trade, life insurance to \$1,000 per person, and, above all that, cash or property not worth more than \$300 for a one person household, \$450 for two, \$500 for three, etc.

HOUSEHOLD

If you live with other people who are not blood relatives, your household may be computed differently. If you buy your food in common and share common cooking facilities, the group qualifies as a household. If you don't buy in common, you can qualify alone. If one or two of the people in your apartment have money, it may be better to go it alone.

HOW MANY STAMPS CAN YOU BUY, AND HOW MUCH DO THEY COST

You can buy enough stamps to give everyone in your household about 29 cents a meal.

Table of Monthly Allotments

No. of people in household . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Monthly allotment (value of stamps)	\$28	56	84	106	126	144	162	180	196	212

[For more than 10 people add \$16 per person]

This is supposed to provide you with a low-cost, nutritionally adequate diet. You have to pay something less than one-third of your net income after deductions for the stamps. That is supposed to be what you normally spend on food.

WHAT CAN YOU BUY WITH STAMPS

Food stamps were not invented to feed people. They were devised to help big farmers sell their surpluses. You can't buy alcoholic beverages or tobacco products or household supplies, like soap, tissue and medicine.

You can't buy most imported foods; the American farmers don't grow them. However, you can buy bananas, tea, cocoa and chocolate; American companies own many of the foreign plantations where these things are grown.

You also may have to pay a sales tax on certain peculiar foods taxed in Texas.

WHERE DO YOU APPLY FOR AND BUY STAMPS

You apply for and buy stamps at Harris County Dept. of Public Welfare, 1225 Elder, near Dart. If you buy between the fifth and tenth of the month, come very early and be prepared to stay all day.

(For more detailed information on food stamp regulations, contact SpaceCity)

— Bread and Justice
Houston Welfare Rights Organization

PEOPLE'S CLINICS

Free Medicine

Free clinics are of two types: those begun by medically-trained people or those begun by the community in which the clinic is located. Clinics started by medical students or sympathetic doctors often suffer from the fact that they are half-time efforts, that is, a do-good project for after-office hours. There are, of course, exceptions to this, notably Salud Medical Clinic which was begun in 1967 by a nurse, a doctor and a social worker. There is also the disadvantage that medical personnel generally don't belong to the community in which they serve, and can be oblivious of the real needs of the area's people unless they begin to release their control of the clinic into the hands of the people. Community organized clinics often have more support because it is the community's own project, from the start organized around their own wishes and needs.

The first problem in starting a free clinic is money and a building. The location is perhaps the easier to find. Storefronts, mobile units and old unused doctor's offices have all been used successfully. Starting money can be obtained through various forms of fund raising: private donations from wealthy citizens and businesses in the area, donations from civic and church groups, grants from foundations and government subsidies. Community fairs, socials, etc. are all traditional, if slower, fund-raising forms which perhaps have the psychological advantage of being from the community the clinic will serve. Starting capital need not be enormously high, if the renovation and outfitting of the clinic is done by the volunteer labor of the neighborhood. Salud began with \$4,000, most of which was spent on second hand equipment and drugs.

A problem which may cause some difficulties is licensing, especially if drugs are given out. A Black Panther sponsored clinic in Chicago has been hassled by the authorities on this pretext. Also backup services with a hospital must be arranged for those patients too seriously ill or injured for the clinic to handle.

Paramedical training programs for community residents are important parts of the clinic's program. Because clinics are usually begun by those who cannot afford private health care and who want an alternative to often dehumanized public health services, training programs serve an economic function by opening up skilled jobs to the previously unskilled. They also break down some of the myths of medical professionalism by which the poor

are oppressed because they spread medical skills out in the community. But perhaps the most important aspect of training programs is that it makes the residents participants in the running of the clinic as well as the using of it.

Clinics can also be important centers for preventive as well as curative medicine. Some New York clinics have programs canvassing the neighborhood to test small children for signs of lead paint poisoning. Birth control information, abortion counseling and classes on nutrition are other important services which free clinics can provide.

Community Control

Community control of health facilities means not only control of free clinics but also of public and private hospitals and clinics. In some areas, particularly New York City, hospitals maintain out-patient clinics in various neighborhoods of the area they serve. Neighborhood Health Councils have grown up in response to the second class treatment many patients feel they are receiving at these centers.

One of these is the North East Neighborhood Association Health Center. The Center opened after more than three years of struggle resulting from community residents' discontent with the inadequate health care available to the neighborhood. The funds came from various sources: The Public Health Service, the Carnegie Foundation. An investment to be paid back in rent-like payments allowed the purchase and renovation of the building the community had chosen. Programs and staff were decided upon by the NENA Intergroup Health Committee, all subject to the community's wishes. Training programs and job opportunities are provided for the members of the community. The Center will hopefully provide comprehensive medical care for the neighborhood in which it is located.

Another way communities can assert control over medical facilities operated by public and private funds is through patients advocate councils. Basically it is an effort by health consumers to enforce basic health rights by researching daily functioning of medical establishments and the services they provide and by trying to change the organization and policy decisions of health institutions. Most of the patients' advocates, up till this



The Young Lords serve the people in their medical program at First Spanish Methodist Church of New York. Photo by R. Balagur/LNS

point, have concentrated on individual grievance cases, but some have tried to set up institutional standards to which hospital staff should conform. Another tactic in obtaining community control or patients' control of hospitals and health institutions are patients' organizations. Most existing patient organizations have begun in chronic care institutions and aren't directly applicable to most hospital situations. What seems to be needed is a program to define patients rights, to disseminate this information to the community of patients and prospective systematic procedure for their enforcement.

Crisis Situations

It is increasingly important that the professional mystique surrounding medical care that we have been instilled with be broken. Not only is it a means by which the big business of health care oppresses the average person, but in times of crisis it is not always possible or politically advantageous to deal with the medical establishment. When mass actions are taking place hospitals are often inaccessible because of cordon or curfew. Even when access to medical facilities is not limited, demonstrators have found themselves arrested when they arrive at emergency rooms for treatment. Even "free" clinics are not wholly reliable sources of medical care — they can get busted or busted up, as was the Berkeley Free Clinic just a few weeks ago.

The alternative is to find or develop non-establishment sources of medical care. Each collective, household or group of households should prepare itself to deal with medical emergencies. This means taking all preventative measures: making sure everyone is in good health and has recently had available immunization shots, acquiring and wearing tags describing any individual medical quirks. It means training one or more persons as medics — and teaching everyone basic first aid skills. Every house should be its own first aid center, and some houses should have stores of supplies and equipment to deal with more serious injuries. Try to find a doctor who will treat more serious injuries without turning in the patient to police. Knowing how to care for the injured is an important part of self-defense and defense of comrades.

Readings

"Health Pac." from the Health Policy Advisory Center, 17 Murray St., New York, NY 10007.

"Emergency Care of the Sick and Injured," available from the W.B. Saunders Co., in Philadelphia, PA.

"Medical Cadre" from the International Liberation School, 1925 So. Grove, Berkeley, Ca 94704, \$.25.

"Medical Problems," in *Guerilla Warfare* by Che Guevara.

"Collectives in Community Crisis," from the *Free Church Collective Handbook*, Box 9177, Berkeley, Ca 94709, \$1.



MEANWHILE . . .

Cheap Medicine

in Houston

by Bill Murrah and Bryan Baker

When you attempt to get free medical care in Houston, you have to keep one thing in mind. Someone is going to try to make you pay for it.

Most of the private and municipal "charity" clinics and both of the "charity" hospitals charge fees based on the patient's ability to pay. This "ability to pay" is determined by the clinic staff, not by the patient, and this staff often assumes that a person who is sick (and therefore unable to work) is able to pay as much as if he were well.

There is little chance of getting full treatment in Houston for free. You will just have to do the best you can.

Neighborhood Clinics

There are some neighborhood clinics in Houston, of the general sort described in the Free Medicine article. They offer limited service (usually even less than that available from a private doctor) but they are handier than the hospitals, and are not nearly so hung up about patient's "ability to pay."

The City Health Department operates fourteen neighborhood centers for people who cannot afford private doctors. The centers provide: immunizations; maternity and well baby services; TB, diabetes, VD, and cervical cancer tests; and birth control counseling.

Most of these clinics are open 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., Monday through Friday, but one (Casa de Amigos) is open at night. One of the centers is a mobile unit which appears at predetermined times in places throughout the city. Call 222-4271 for information about the locations, schedules, and services of the various Health Department centers.

In addition to the city's centers, there are a few other free clinics in poor neighborhoods. Some of these clinics are genuinely free, but their services are even more limited than the Health Dept. clinics.

The neighborhood clinics may be utilized (and should be utilized regularly) for inoculations and routine examinations. But they do not usually handle people who are acutely ill, and cannot be considered as free alternatives to the private doctors. (One exception is the Kennedy Brothers Health Clinic, 302 1/2 Pierce, which offers treatment for a wide range of disorders. You pay a set rate, if you are able to do so; the clinic will not send you a bill. The San Jose Clinic, 301 Hamilton, also offers treatment, but fees are more of a hassle.)

If you require treatment (other than very minor treatment), the neighborhood clinics will usually refer you to a hospital clinic. The hospitals are farther away, more time-consuming, more dehumanizing, and more concerned with "ability to pay," but if you're really sick, they are the only institutions which can treat you fully.

Hospital Clinics

In choosing a hospital, remember this rule of thumb: The better the treatment, the harder it is to get. Ben Taub offers terrible treatment, but it handles only "charity" patients. Private hospitals are nicer, but they are more difficult for "indigent" patients to get into. (Some of the private hospitals make two appointments for you: the first to determine your financial status, the second to treat your illness.)

Balance your need for dignified personal treatment against your need for fast cheap treatment. And expect to get neither.

The following is a list of hospitals offering outpatient treatment to "indigent" persons. Ben Taub and Jeff Davis are municipal charity hospitals; the others are private hospitals. The abbreviation TMC means that the hospital is located in the Texas Medical Center, at Fannin and Holcombe.

M.D. Anderson (TMC) — Fees, based on ability to pay, patients admitted only when referred by a physician. All patients are seen in the Outpatient Clinic by appointment only.

Ben Taub (TMC) — Eligibility is six month residence in Harris County. For free care: Recipients of public welfare and indigent persons. For part pay: Rating scale will be furnished on request. Apply—first floor clinic desk. 8, Mon. — Fri.

Jeff Davis — For chest service, maternity cases. Clinics open 8–4, Mon.–Fri. Appointment necessary.

Blue Bird Clinic for Neurological Disorders, at Meth Hospital (TMC)—For treatment of disorders in children 15 yrs. and younger. Fee — Sliding scale based on ability to pay. Referrals from licensed physicians or pediatric clinics. 9–5, Mon. — Fri.

Hermann Hospital (TMC) — Fees for medically indigent patients according to the ability to pay. For treatment of acute, curable, non-contagious diseases and maternity care. Private patients admitted through physicians on staff; part-pay patients clear eligibility through Classification and Eligibility.

Junior League Clinic of Texas Children's Hospital (TMC) — Available to any child 15 yrs. and under where family income is limited. Fee — Free and part-pay according to ability to pay. Admitted by referrals from physicians or clinics after screening by medical staff. Basically a teaching clinic and patients are selected with this in mind.

Memorial Baptist Hospital, 1100 Louisiana — Has a limited number of charity beds. Outpatient exam fee — \$5.00, subsequent fees below normal rate. Admission through physician on hospital staff. Must call Business Manager for appointment at Outpatient Clinics. Hours — 8–4, Mon.–Fri.

Riverside General Hospital, 3204 Ennis — Has medical, surgical and pediatric outpatient clinics. These referrals from physicians or social agencies.

St. Joseph Hospital, 1919 LaBranch — All specialties represented. Private patients admitted by physicians on hospital staff. 24 hr. service. Eligibility — based on medical and financial needs. Individuals and families pay on a sliding scale fee which is determined by the number of persons in the family and the income. Application — referrals accepted from other patients. Patients are seen by appointment only. Call Clinic Receptionist for admission interview. Clinic hrs — 8–4:30, Mon.–Fri.

Good Shepherd Clinic, St. Luke's Hospital (TMC) — Provides clinic care in cardiology, general medicine, gynecology, obstetrics, orthopedics, premature nursery, general surgery and urology. Fee — Free and part-pay services according to ability to pay. Referrals accepted from physicians, other hospitals and social agencies. Call secretary for admission interview and to determine eligibility. Hrs — 8:30–4:30, Mon.–Fri.

The hospitals will probably attempt to make you pay more than you can afford. Don't let this prevent you from getting medical treatment when you need it. Later, when you are well, simply pay whatever you can; the hospitals are unlikely to take legal action to collect from "charity" patients.

Expect, when you go to any of these hospitals, to be subjected to long waits and to be treated like a side of beef. The doctors at the hospitals are above average in professional competence, but they act like veterinarians. Don't be put off by all this; too many people have died at home because they were too proud to go to a hospital for indigents.

When you're sick, *get treatment*; fight the system when you're well. You don't fight the system by dying at home.

Dental Services

The Kennedy Brothers Clinic on Pierce St., the San Jose Clinic on Hamilton St., and the City Health Dept. North Side Clinic (8504 Schuller) all offer dental services. Some of the hospital clinics also have facilities for doing dental work.

If you live near the Texas Medical Center, your best bet is the outpatient clinic of the University of Texas Dental Branch. Dental students will treat you for a nominal cash fee. The clinic is open Monday through Friday, 9–11:30 A.M.; you should arrive at the clinic at 8 A.M., and be prepared for a long wait. Unfortunately, this clinic is not open in June and July.

Now, While You're Healthy

None of the facilities available in Houston at low (or no) cost are particularly good. When you're sick, there isn't much you can do about it; you take what you can get. While you're healthy, there are a couple of things you can do to avoid the available facilities.

The first thing is to stay healthy. Get a proper diet, sleep, exercise, all those things you learned about in eighth grade health class. Avoid the patent medicines which treat only symptoms, making you feel healthy when you really aren't.

The second thing is to start your own neighborhood clinic. No one has yet gotten together the right combination of community support, medical support, and financial support to start a really effective clinic in Houston. But good clinics have been started in other cities, and there are community groups and medical groups here who are attempting to create local facilities after these models. You should support any clinic which is community controlled, regardless of how limited its resources; a community controlled clinic has the potential for growth according to the needs of its patients.

And look forward to a day when patients have control of all their medical facilities, including the hospitals.



switchboard

Switchboard is a central telephone number or numbers that people in the community can call for information. The switchboard obtains its information by telling the community that it is setting up a service for which the community can call and leave information that will be relayed to other people who call in and request that information. All you need is a telephone and someone to sit by it during the specified times you have announced. Mail can also be sent to the switchboard for individuals to pick up.

THE SWITCHBOARD at 1830 Fell St., San Francisco, CA 94117, has put out a short pamphlet describing itself. "The Switchboard is a human process, it is alive. The Switchboard is you, or anyone who wishes to use it. The process enables a person to share what he knows, or what he can do with others. The growth of switchboard is not due to the people who have worked here as much as to the use and feedback resulting from over 150,000 calls in the last 2 1/2 years. When we couldn't handle a request (because we didn't know a number, because there wasn't a service that we knew about) we shared the problem with the caller. We would discuss the possible ways of finding out, and ask the caller to phone us back if he or she discovered the answer.

In this way, the efforts of a person calling benefits the people calling after him. When Switchboard first began, it was used primarily as a problem and crisis center, but this usage began instinctively moving in a direction that was broader and more fulfilling. This change was due to a variety of calls. Getting information about Yoga classes, places to eat, encounter groups, etc., were some of the new ways people found the Switchboard could be used. We discovered that being used by people seeking joy and greater fulfillment was as important as solving problems. Without this dimension, people tend to focus morbidly on problems and make them a way of life.

Over 2 1/2 years of continuing development, we have seen the difference between helping people and being used by people helping themselves. Things have been done for us so long that we have forgotten that we can do things for ourselves. Thus, we have become resigned to accepting 'things as they are.' We have found through Switchboard that people can do something about the way things

are in their lives, if they have information to make decisions and resources to put ideas into action. The most important thing we would like to emphasize is the need for participation in the growth of Switchboard. We need people calling in with new information, ideas about how to make our present services more effective, and suggestions for additional uses and services."

It would be a good idea to have some sort of filing system set up in order that the switchboard can keep track of incoming and outgoing information. While allowing the operation to go more smoothly because people know where everything is or where it can be found, this system also allows for the updating and discarding of information that is no longer of use. This is especially important because as the flow of information in and out of the switchboard grows the ability to keep track of things will become more difficult unless there is a system set up by which the information can be kept track of. More often than not, switchboards become resource centers having access to all sorts of information that the community finds itself in need of.

To give you some idea of the diversity of switchboards, here is a list of services catalogued and kept up to date by the San Francisco Switchboard: Projects and Organizations Message Center, Donations File, Resources File, Ecology Switchboard, Education Switchboard, Theatre Switchboard, Music Switchboard, Arts and Crafts Switchboard, Buy and Sell File, Message Service, Job File, Housing File, Transportation File.

houston switchboard

Some of us have decided that one of the most important things we can do is to start an information and service center in Houston. We're going to try and get it started with a switchboard and hope to have information available 24 hours a day about food, places to crash, apartments and houses to rent, jobs, places to go, free clothes, rip-offs to avoid, furniture, etc.

There are only a few of us now willing to work on the switchboard, but we won't do it alone. We could go out and spend all our time gathering information and money for the benefit of the rest of the community, but we're not gonna do it that way. This is meant to be for the people — all of us — and we need everyone's help.

We need to raise some bread for a phone, line up volunteers, and maybe we can get started in a few weeks. Please, if you have time, information, money, or know of professional people (lawyers, doctors, etc.) who will help, let us know. We'll need bands and people to work on benefits — and we'll need vehicles. Just a whole lot of stuff. If you can help, call us at 526-6257.

— Chip

community unity

In Berkeley we are engaged in a protracted struggle to smash the power of the American death-trip establishment and create a new, just and revolutionary society and create new, revolutionary men and women.

Berkeley is a key front in this political and cultural war. But are we really doing what has to be done in the face of all the oppression and repression that is being laid on us? Let's face it, we are not really organized for survival. We have struggled together in crisis after crisis, throwing up ad hoc committee after ad hoc committee. But we have been unable to build ongoing, democratic, revolutionary organizations that let us work together, educate each other, change each other, protect each other and engage in long-range programs.

In our efforts to topple this monster society we face the full repressive pig-power of a ruling class that sees Berkeley as a major threat. In our efforts to recreate ourselves, to smash the bourgeois bullshit that controls us inside, we face untold years of being fucked-up by this society.

how do we fight

We think one way is through organizing political collectives and communes. This means small groups, cadres, communes that work politically together and play together. They are at the same time a loose and a tight organization. They are loose in that their members relate to each other as comrades/friends and not as members of a mass organization. They are tight in that their members can work closely with each other, coordinate and direct their efforts, create and take on whole projects and plan and carry out long-term struggles.

They provide a way for real education, real participation. Each member of the collective gets a chance to develop his/her ideas through comradely discussion. Each collective mem-

ber is genuinely involved in making decisions on the activity of her or his group.

These groups can also be the key to creating alternative ways to meet our needs — co-op stores, schools, presses, medical clinics, etc. By working as political collectives we can not only carry out these projects, but keep them in their proper context; we will be working not to pacify our community, but to create a community way of life worth defending.

Collectives, especially where their members live together in communes, can be a form for fighting the middle-class, ego-centered life-styles in which we are all submerged. We do not want to be a psychological loyal opposition, sisters and brothers who oppose the system politically but who continue to live lives distorted and formed by the establishment. But, neither do we want to become obsessed with a kind of personal salvation that ignores everyone's responsibility to humankind, ignores the impossibility of being liberated in a bummer society, or ignores the role of engagement itself in political struggle as a crucial way to basic changes. By being both political and communal, by both struggling in the streets and in our minds, we hope to avoid these problems.

We will still need other forms of organization besides collectives and communes, but these forms should be set up to encourage and not discourage the forming of collectives. This means all forms of centralization and bureaucracy must be resisted. We should have a Tribal Council where collectives could get together each month and exchange ideas and information. There doesn't need to be any steering committee or bureaucracy, however. Bureaucratic stuff should be kept at a minimum (perhaps only the publication of a monthly calendar), and what work there is should be done by assigning it to a rotating group of collectives.

'nuff said

COPS Commune, 2434 Warring,
Berkeley, Cal., 94704



Photo by Rich Faverty/Madison Kaliedoscope